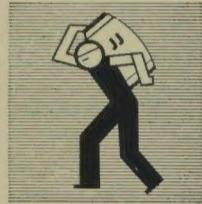
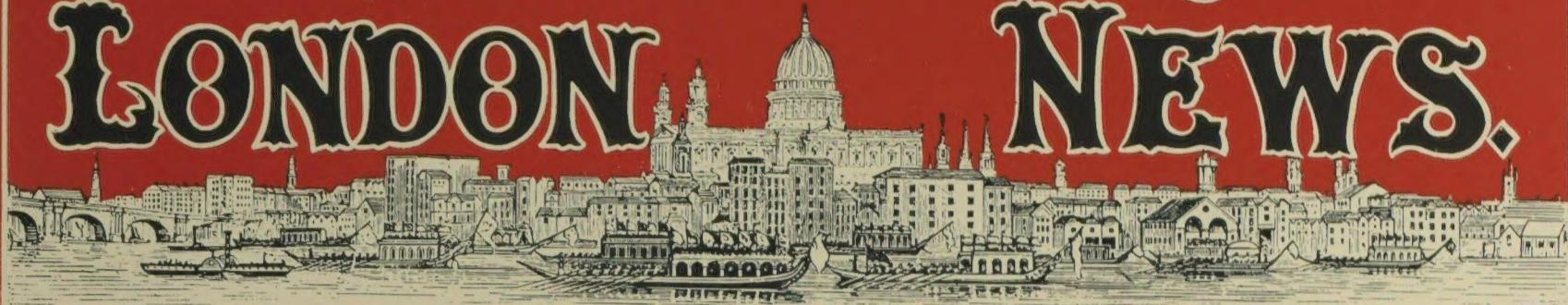


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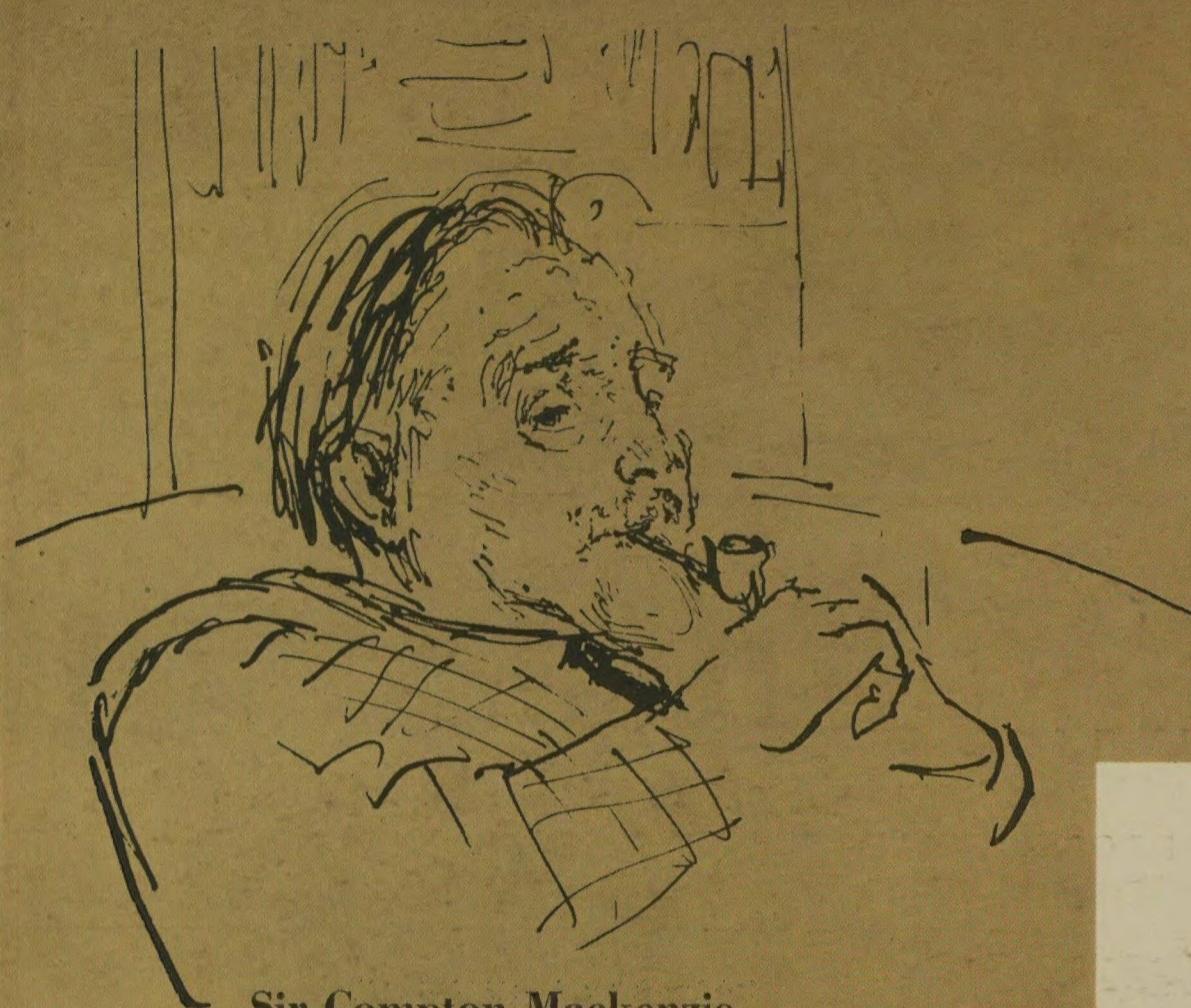
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'It's true I wrote a book called *Whisky Galore*, but I know better than most that it requires a sensitive palate to tell the difference between a whisky you gulp down and another you want to sip slowly. As a matter of fact, before I accept any whisky as a long drink, I always try a little of it neat first.'

'I noticed' — said McDermott — 'that the whisky you offered me is smooth and velvety. It tastes mellow, and to me it has something of the smoky bog

and the old ferns. Does this describe your own feelings ?'

'Yes — what it really amounts to is this ; a whisky is really enjoyable when it is good enough to be drunk at leisure. But, you know,' — said Sir Compton — 'Grants Stand Fast has passed my test long ago.'

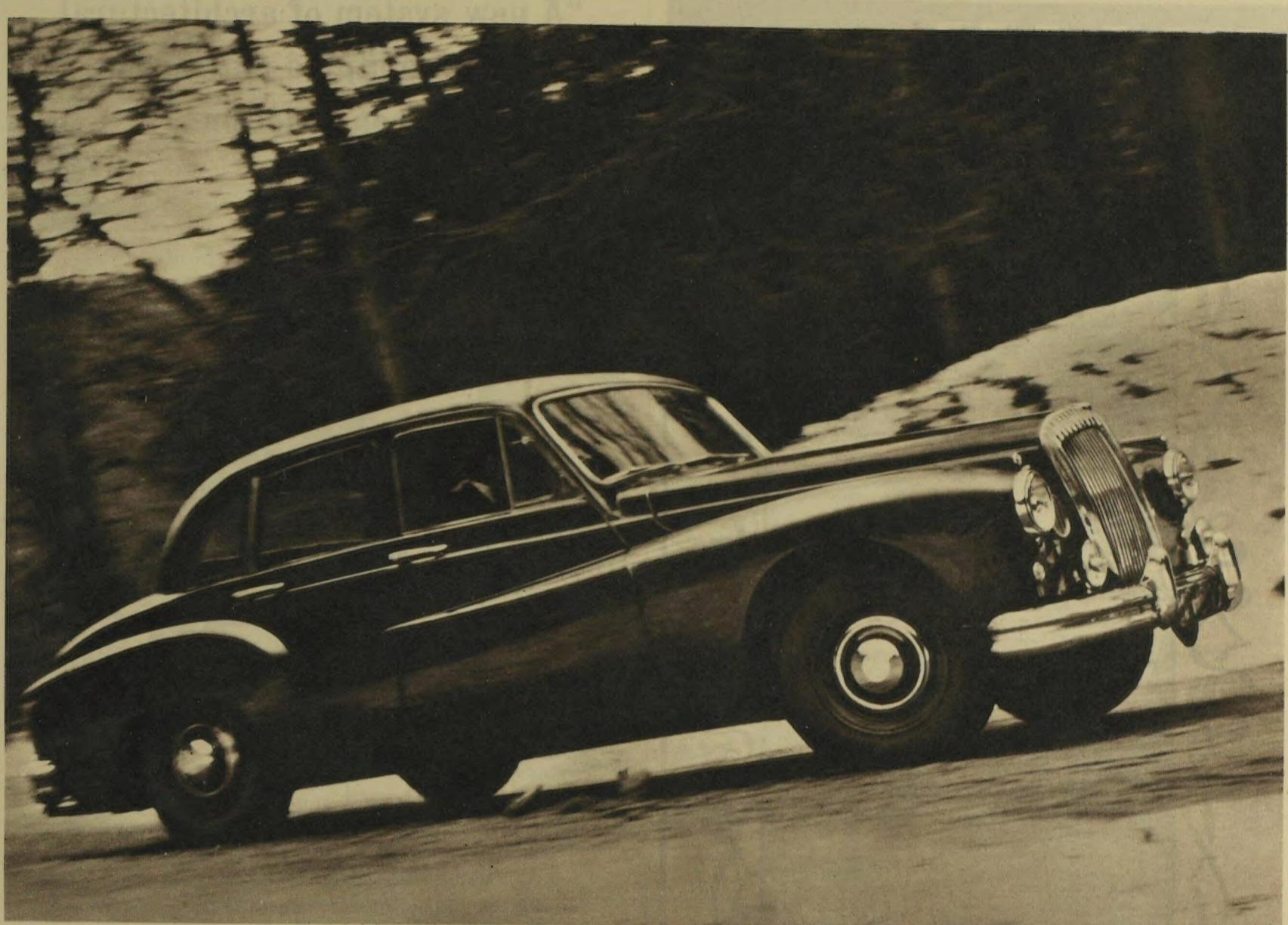
'Yes, Grant's is a most pleasant whisky.'

'I agree, it is a whisky that you go on enjoying. Isn't that the final answer ?'

*This conversation between Sir Compton Mackenzie and Hugh McDermott was recorded at Sir Compton's Edinburgh home

when the clans gather its

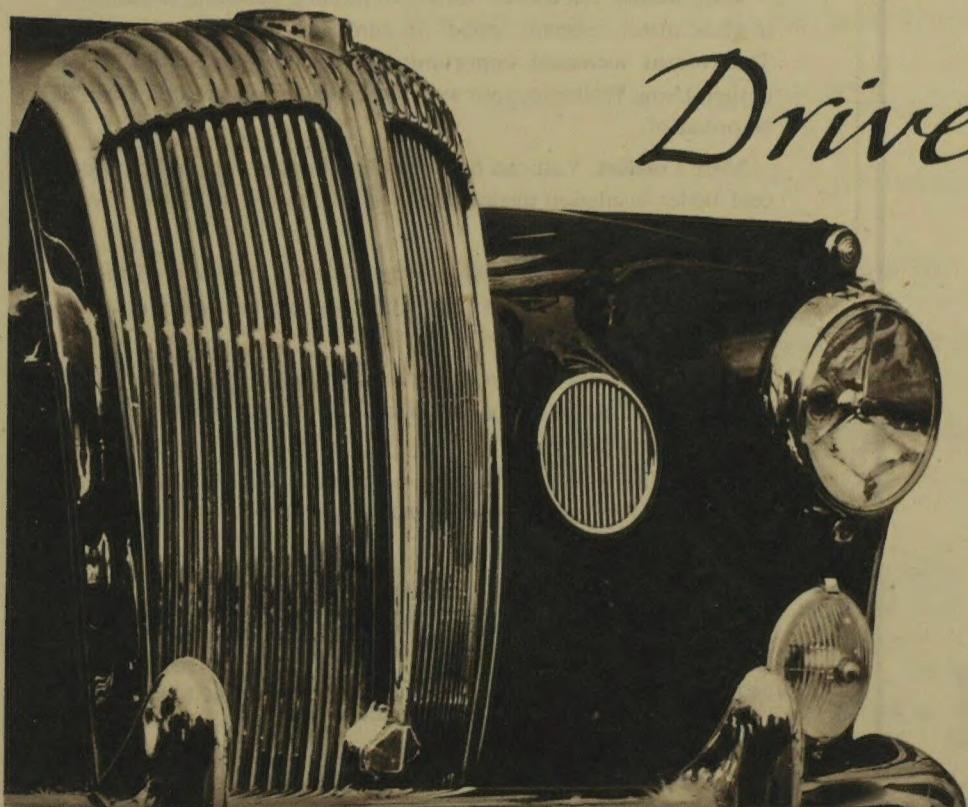




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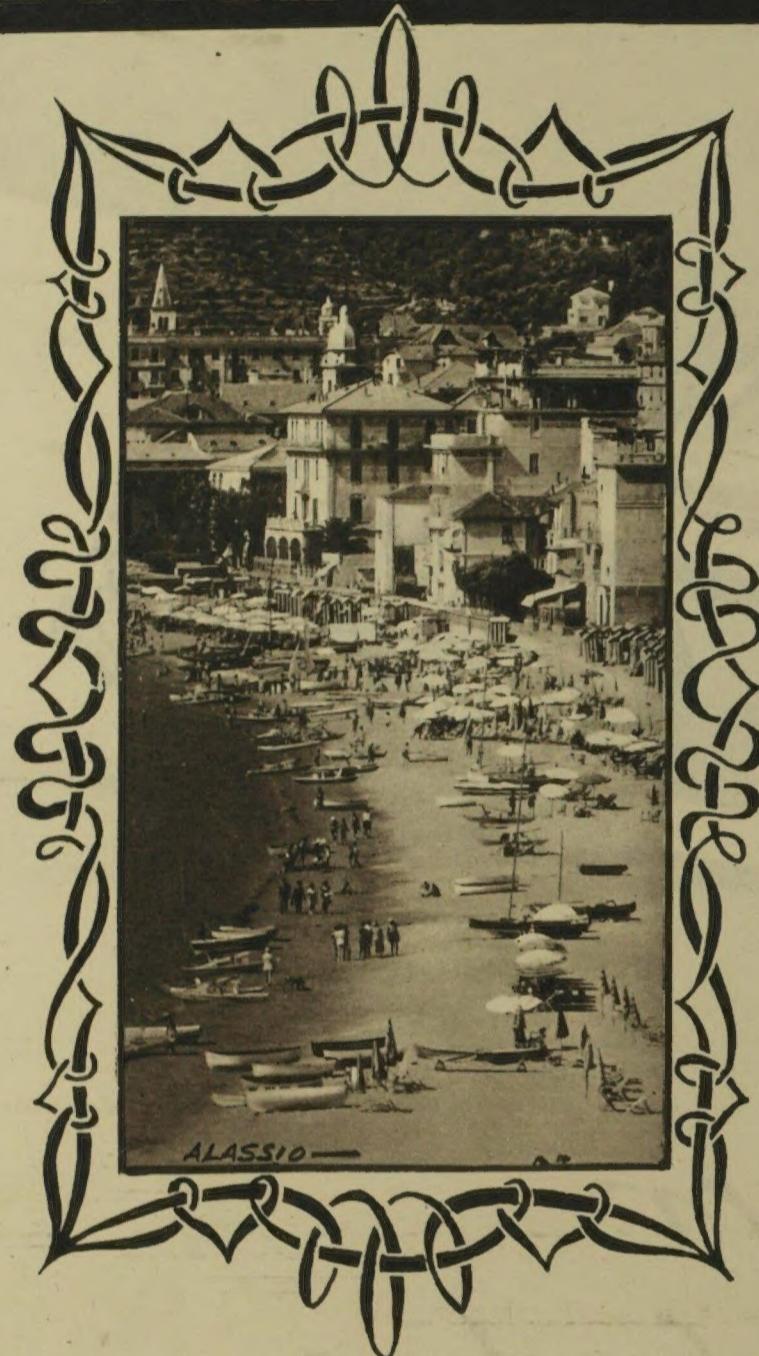
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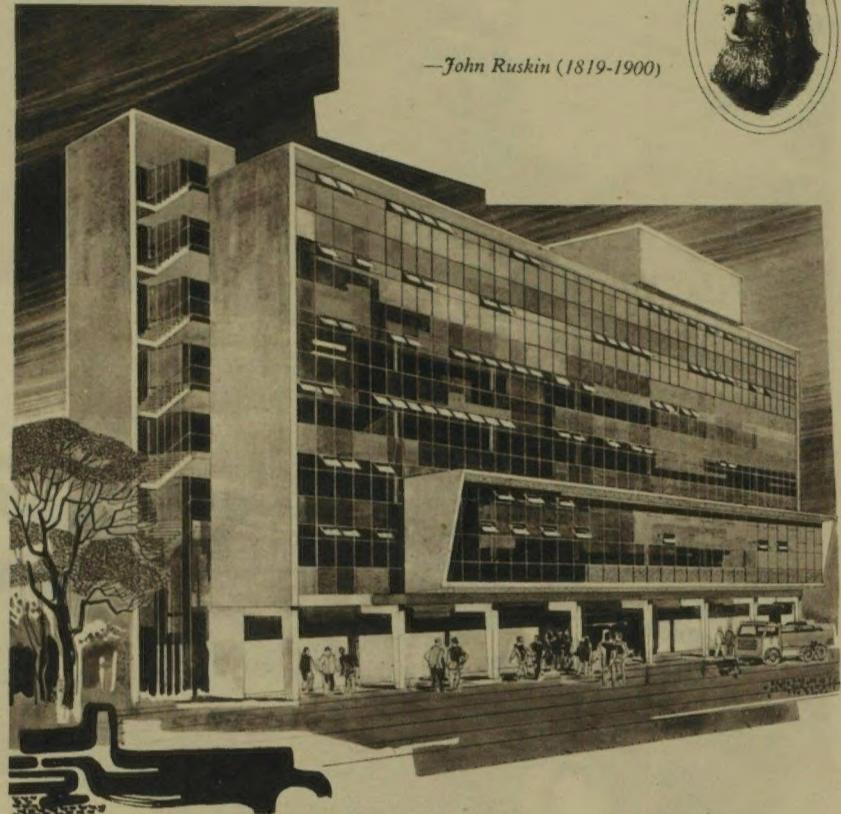


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—John Ruskin (1819-1900)



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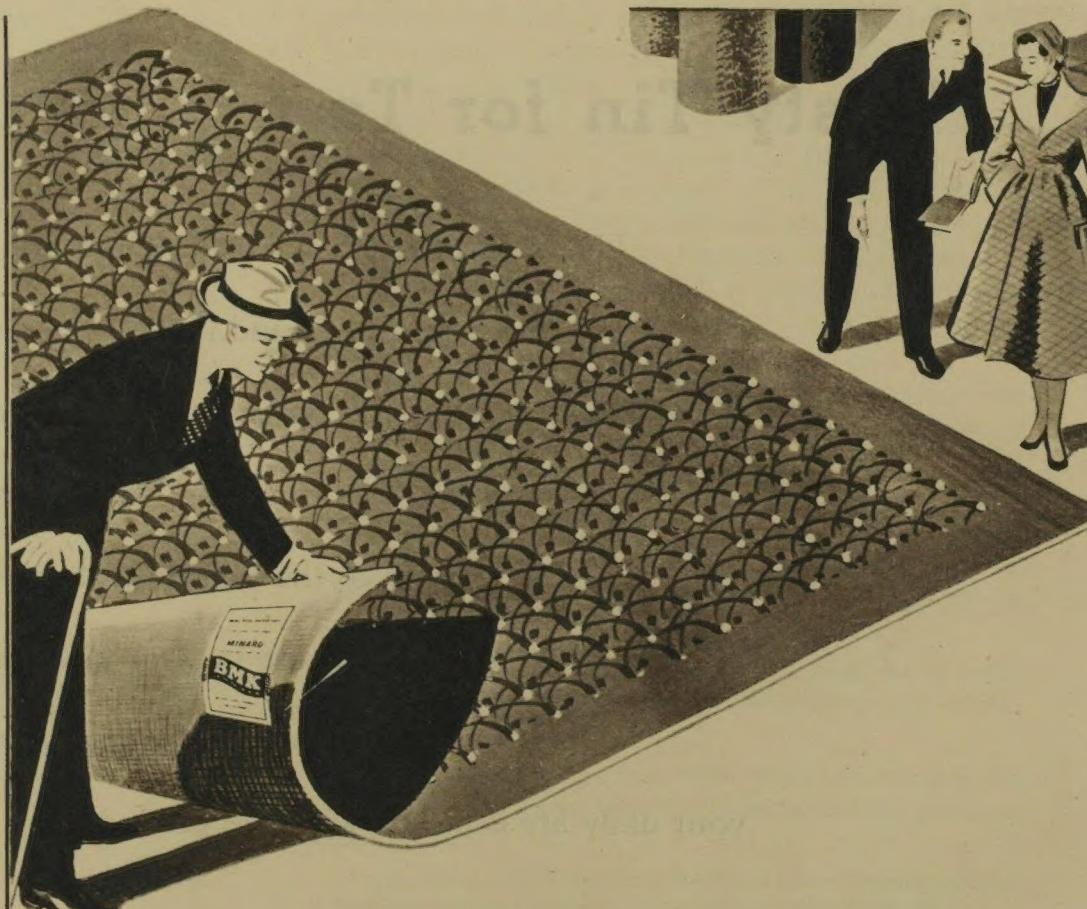
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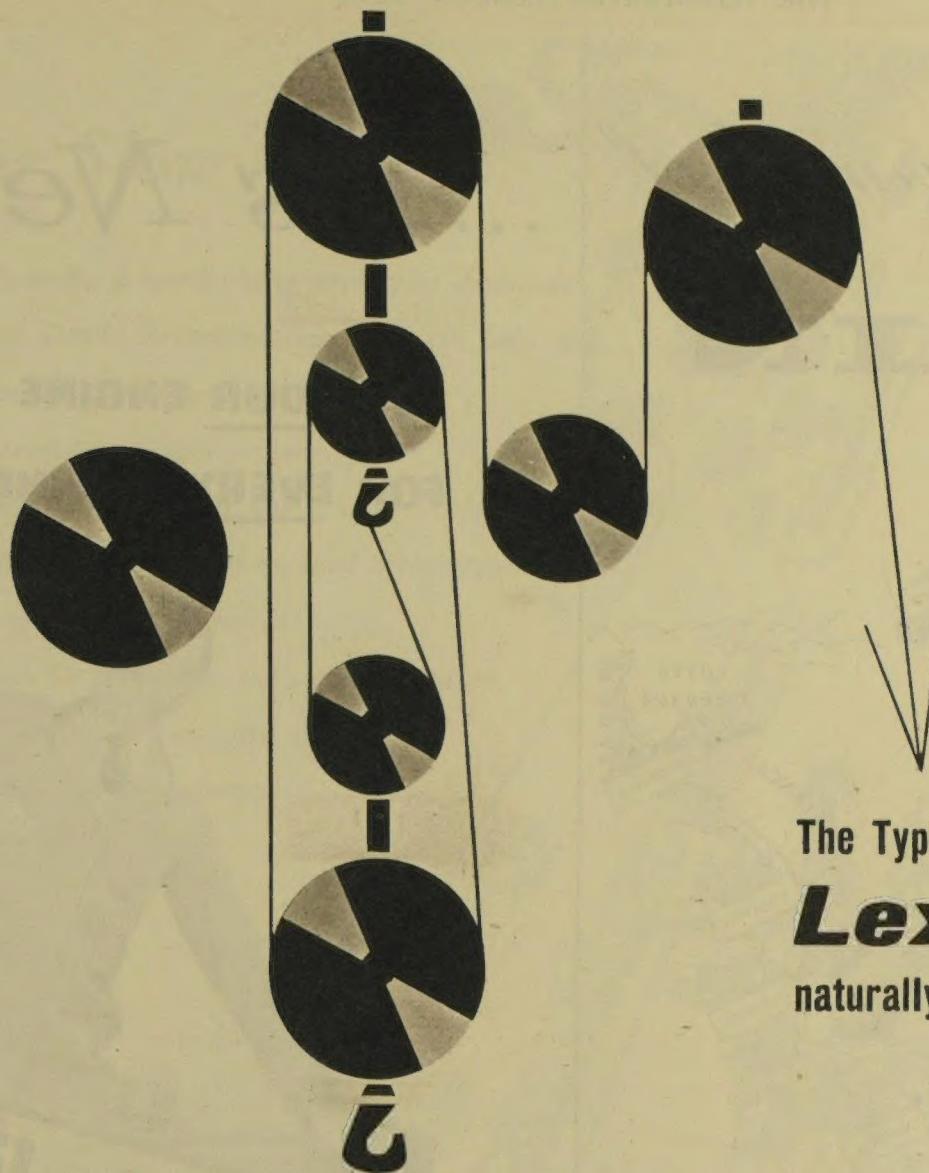
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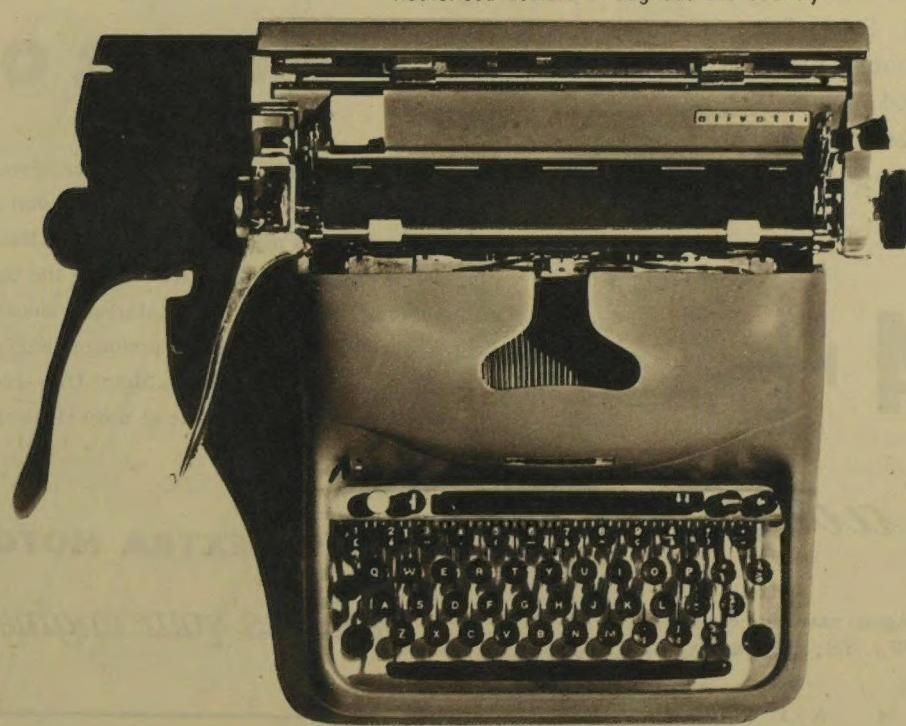
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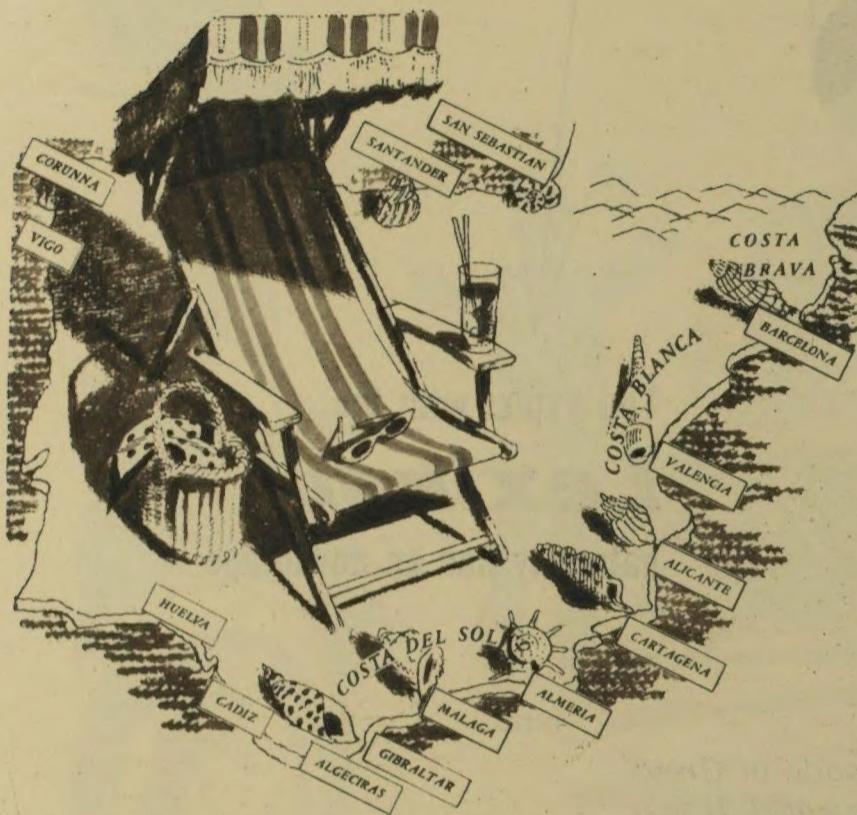
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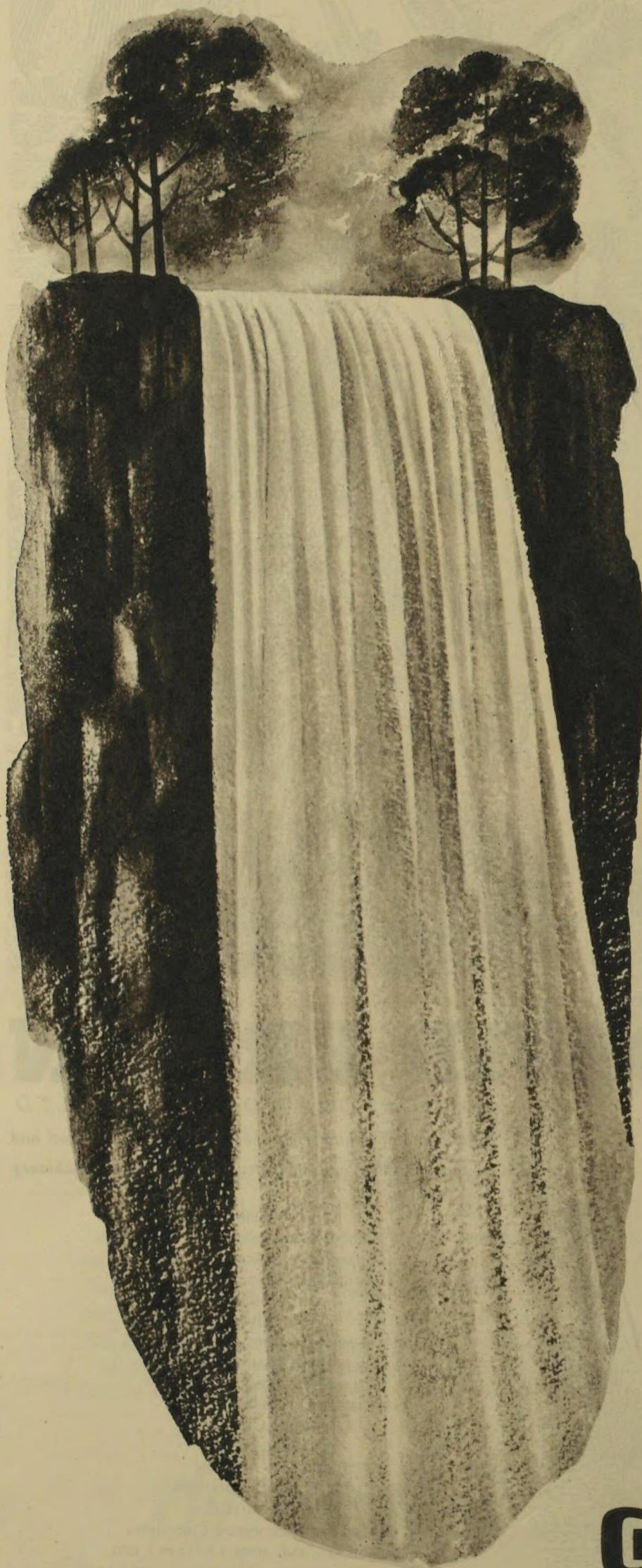
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A swollen raindrop rolls off a leaf and falls on a leaf below. On the impact, the lower leaf is deflected ; for an instant it becomes the blade of a paddle-wheel, for an instant it is driven.

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And so long as there is electricity, and from whatsoever source it is made, Crompton Parkinson will continue to develop machinery and equipment for its conduction, measurement, moderation and utilisation.



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Shell Nature Studies 16 BUTTERFLIES

PAINTED BY TRISTRAM HILLIER

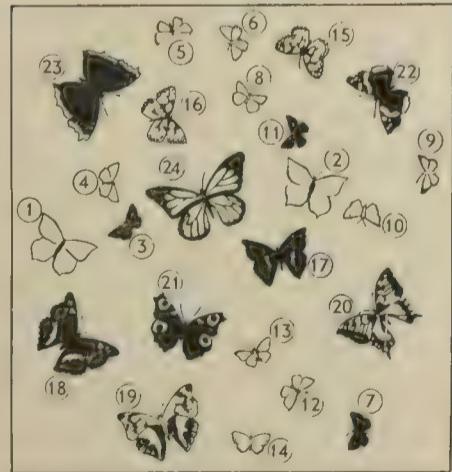


The butterfly year begins when BRIMSTONES (1, ♂; 2, ♀) flutter from hibernation into the March sunshine. Early summer brings the GREEN HAIRSTREAK (3, 4), brown above, green below. Later months introduce the COMMON BLUE (5, ♂, upper side; 6, ♂, under side; 7, ♀, upper side; 8, ♀, under side), and less vivid and more local, the CHALK-HILL BLUE (9, ♂, upper side; 10, ♂, under side; 11, ♀).

Other local kinds are the ADONIS BLUE (12, ♂, upper side; 13, ♂, under side; 14, ♀, under side) and the MARbled WHITE (15, ♂; 16, ♀), both typical of chalky country. Also the PURPLE EMPEROR (17) of southern oak and beech woods, whose Empress (18 and 19, under side) lacks the distinctive purple; and the SWALLOW-TAIL (20) of Wicken Fen and the Broads. For colour and markings few of the rarer butterflies can match the delicious PEACOCK (21).

Some butterflies migrate to us across the sea. The RED ADMIRAL (22), or "Red Admirable", as it was first called, migrates from southern Europe. The very rare CAMBERWELL BEAUTY (23), first captured at Camberwell in 1748, flies across from Norway. The MONARCH OR MILKWEED (24), largest of all and nearly four inches across, comes occasionally from America, probably on board ship.

δ is the symbol for male, φ for female; where no symbols given, δ and φ are very similar.



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Inventions in Guinness Time...3

THE TRAMCAR

Of Electricity I sing,
And someone's useful notion
To use this scientific thing
For human locomotion.

I sing the fearless artisans
Versed in its mystic action,
A mixture of (one understands)
Repulsion and attraction.

I sing (until my larynx fails)
The fate of these aspiring
To stand with one foot on the rails
And one foot on the wiring.

In fact I'll sing (while I can stand)
The tramcar, and the speed it
Will bear me to my Guinness, and
My Goodness, how I'll need it!

O Ampère, Volta, Watt and Ohm!
No wonder you look gloomy—
The Guinness that I have at home
Sends stronger currents through me.

Guinness is good for you

*"What'll happen in a thunderstorm,
I'd like to know?"*



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SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1956.



ON THEIR WAY TO BE RECEIVED BY THE QUEEN: MARSHAL BULGANIN AND MR. KHRUSHCHEV DRIVING INTO WINDSOR CASTLE, BETWEEN CROWDS OF ONLOOKERS IN THE SPRING SUNSHINE OF APRIL 22.

On Sunday, April 22, after spending the night at Chequers, the Russian leaders, Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev, drove to Windsor Castle for their reception by H.M. the Queen. The streets of Windsor were crowded with onlookers, who greeted the swift passage of the Russians' cars and their motor-cycle escort with cheers and a few boos. The Russian leaders, who were accompanied by Mr. Malik and Sir William Hayter, were met at the equeeries' entrance by the Prime Minister and members of the household; and were then received by the Queen and the

Duke of Edinburgh. The Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne were also present. After about half an hour's conversation, Marshal Bulganin presented to the Queen a formal address from the President of the U.S.S.R., Marshal Voroshilov. The visitors were shown some of the state rooms and left after about an hour. The visitors gave the Queen a sable wrap, and it is understood that they have made presents of a horse each to the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Cornwall, and a Russian brown bear cub, called *Nikki*, to Princess Anne.



MARSHAL BULGANIN AND MR. KHRUSHCHEV IN CEREMONIES AND INCIDENTS AT PORTSMOUTH,

THEIR FIRST MOMENT ON BRITISH SOIL: MR. KHRUSHCHEV (LEFT) AND MARSHAL BULGANIN STAND AT THE PLAYING OF THE NATIONAL ANTHEM, AS THEY STEPPED ASHORE.



MR. KHRUSHCHEV (LEFT) AND MARSHAL BULGANIN LAYING A LARGE WREATH AT THE CENOTAPH, DEDICATED "TO THOSE WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES . . . IN THE COMMON STRUGGLE FOR PEACE."



A BRILLIANT CITY OCCASION: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE LUNCHEON AT THE MANSION HOUSE, WITH MARSHAL BULGANIN STANDING SPEAKING BY THE MICROPHONE, ON HIS RIGHT IS SIR ANTHONY EDEN, ON HIS LEFT SIR SEYMOUR HOWARD.



AT THE MANSION HOUSE LUNCHEON: (L TO R.) MARSHAL BULGANIN, SIR SEYMOUR HOWARD, DEPUTISING FOR THE LORD MAYOR (WHO IS IN AMERICA), MR. KHRUSHCHEV, AND THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, MR. HAROLD MACMILLAN.



AT THE ATOMIC STATION, HARWELL: BETWEEN MR. KHRUSHCHEV (LEFT) AND MARSHAL BULGANIN IN PROTECTIVE OVERALLS IS MR. KURCHATOV, AN ATOMIC SCIENTIST.

The historic visit of the Russian leaders, Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev, to Great Britain began on April 18, when they disembarked from the Soviet liner *Ordzhonikidze* (which was escorted by the British *Sovereign* and *Queen Elizabeth*). There they were met by Viscount Cilennin, First Lord of the Admiralty, and Viscount Reading, Minister of State for Foreign Affairs. Thence they travelled by train to Victoria, where they were greeted by Sir Anthony Eden and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, Foreign Secretary. From this point their programme was crowded with incidents which were



MARSHAL BULGANIN SIGNS HIS NAME FOR A GIRL STUDENT, AS THE RUSSIAN LEADERS LEAVE THE NEW COLLEGE PARTY WITH THE WARDEN, MR. A. H. SMITH (LEFT), AT THE CLOSE OF THEIR VISIT.

packed in between numerous discussions at No. 10, Downing Street and at Chequers—the best, of course, the most important part of the visit. Both Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev's speeches in the luncheon at the Soviet Embassy was admirably timed to this end, with references to the difficulties felt in Britain "overseas." The general reaction of the crowds—who have rarely got a close view of the visitors—has been curiosity; and the Russians have usually received polite cheers with a few boos. In

ENGLAND: SOME HIGHLIGHTS OF A HISTORIC VISIT: LONDON, GREENWICH, HARWELL AND OXFORD.



THE RUSSIAN LEADERS ABOUT TO ENTER THEIR CAR AFTER PAYING A COURTESY VISIT TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE, WHERE THEY SIGNED THE VISITORS' BOOK.



AT LUNCHEON IN THE SOVIET EMBASSY: (LEFT TO RIGHT) SIR ANTHONY EDEN, MARSHAL BULGANIN, AN INTERPRETER, MR. HAROLD MACMILLAN AND MR. GROMYKO.



LEAVING NO. 10, DOWNING STREET AFTER THEIR FIRST COURTESY CALL ON THE PRIME MINISTER ON APRIL 19: MARSHAL BULGANIN AND MR. KHRUSHCHEV WITH SIR ANTHONY EDEN.



LANDING AT GREENWICH FOR THE BRILLIANT SERVICES' BANQUET IN THE PAINTED HALL: MARSHAL BULGANIN GREETED BY ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM ANDRIESSES, ADMIRAL PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE. (RIGHT) MR. KHRUSHCHEV.



THE OPENING OF THE BANQUET IN THE PAINTED HALL: VISCOUNT CILENNIN, FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY, LEADS THE CHIEF GUESTS, MARSHAL BULGANIN AND MR. KHRUSHCHEV, TO THE HIGH TABLE.



AT OXFORD—WHERE THE RUSSIAN LEADERS GOT THEIR LIVELIEST RECEPTION TO DATE: THE LIGHT-HEARTED CROWDS BREAK THE CORDON IN ST. ALDEA'S.



AT THE L.C.C. RECEPTION AT COUNTY HALL: MARSHAL BULGANIN IN ANIMATED CONVERSATION WITH MRS. HELEN BENTWICH, THE CHAIRMAN OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

Interspersed between these items of the programme were various sightseeing trips; and despite the fact that on arrival at Victoria both Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev looked extremely fit and full of vitality, by April 23 it was announced that they would feel better if they had a day off. Their programme, and the events for their stay in England on that day, were simplified and their inspection of the B.I.F. there cut down to a simple "walk through." After the Birmingham visit they were to fly to the R.A.F. station at Marham, Norfolk.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

I SEE that that original and unusual Tory, Mr. D. H. Barber, who but for some lack of imagination in his Party would have been a Member of Parliament long ago, and whom I still hope to see one, has written a letter to a Liberal newspaper entitled, "Give the Russians a Chance." Like nearly everything Mr. Barber writes on politics, it seems to me sound sense and not very far removed from the view of the Conservative Leader and Prime Minister. "The choice," he says, "is between Co-existence and War, of a gradual coming-together in the hope that as the Russians (people and leaders) get to understand our way of life better, they will think more and more aspects of it worth copying. And so I say, 'Give the Russians a Chance.'** Now a lot of people are saying this, but most of those who do so seem to take a very unrealist view. For, when one enquires what they mean by giving the Russians a chance, it turns out that they mean, "Give them everything they ask for!" It means discarding all arms, abandoning all argument and adopting an attitude of complete non-resistance, which, where armed Russian Communists are concerned, as the history of the past twelve years shows, is a counsel of despair. For it always ends in liquidation or enslavement for someone, and what we in the Free World wish to do, or ought to wish to do, is not to enlarge the bounds of slavery but to restrict and narrow them. If we do not wish this, I do not see any meaning in either my country's history or the instincts with which I and all Britons were born. Yet if we wish, as we ought to wish, to restrict and narrow those evil and degrading bounds, not by sterile and destructive war—which always creates as many problems as it solves—but by peace, we must be friendly and conciliatory, as well as firm, in our personal relationships with Russia's rulers. Mr. Barber sees this and, unlike so many well-meaning Left-wing protagonists of international amity, the folly of merely giving way. "Let us tell them that we intend to counter Communist propaganda in the Middle East and elsewhere by democratic propaganda. Let us tell them that if they want an Arms Race anywhere in the world we will accept the challenge, but that we would much rather reach agreements that will enable us to avoid it. Let us make it quite clear, at the same time, that we would prefer even nuclear warfare to the yielding of another inch of the Free World to Communist military aggression, but that otherwise we will never use the H-bomb." Here, of course, speaking as thousands of other Tories, he is telling Big Brother that, if he uses the stick, he will be met with the stick. And it is necessary, in my belief, to let Big Brother—Red Big Brother—like all Big Brothers, know this and—since words alone in such a matter are useless—for the stick to exist and to be ready for use. But having said this, Mr. Barber goes on—and here he is speaking, not as a Tory, but as something far more comprehensive, as a Christian—"And when we sit down at the table with them, may we try to remember that these Russian leaders, despite their past actions, are still human beings like ourselves, who can love and laugh and eat and drink, and feel the winter wind and the summer sun. They grew up in a Russia newly freed from centuries of Czarist tyranny. They were taught that the Communist way of life was the best way, and that murder and torture by the State for the State's sake was virtue. It is very difficult for the Briton of to-day, with his great heritage of freedom, to understand how even averagely good men may do evil deeds in such an atmosphere. But our ancestors who bought that freedom with their blood would have understood, and if we are worthy of them we will give the Russians (even their leaders) a chance." And here I feel Mr. Barber shows, as a Tory should show—for what is a Tory if his creed is not based on an understanding of his country's history?—a true

realisation of what lies at the core of our national tradition and ideology. For the central point in the social idealism of this country—the point we derive from Christianity—is that every living man is, being God-created, entitled to life, respect, justice and liberty. It is just because the rulers of Soviet Russia deny life, respect, justice and liberty to all who disagree with them and employ violence to deprive them of these things, that we have opposed and oppose any extension of their rule over ourselves and others and are ready in the last resort to die to prevent their further aggression, just as we were ready in the last resort to die and sacrifice all we had to prevent the further aggression of the Nazi Germans, who also denied life, respect, justice and liberty to those with whom they disagreed. The Russian Communists' attitude towards those with whom they disagree is well illustrated in that remarkable book recently published in this country, "The Long Walk."† Arrested by the Russians, who had treacherously and brutally invaded his country, and put to torture on the sole ground that, as he was a Pole who for many years had lived near the Russian frontier,

he must automatically have been an anti-Russian spy; subjected for a year to every kind of indignity and agony in the cells and torture chambers of the Secret Police in Kharkoff and Moscow; convicted to twenty-five-years' slave labour without a shred of evidence to convict him of the crime of which he was accused; herded into a train of packed cattle trucks with thousands of hapless Poles, Letts, Latvians, Lithuanians and Finns, whose only crime was that they were men whose nationality, religion and education had given them different beliefs to those of the rulers of Russia; and made to march in a chain-gang for a thousand miles across the frozen mid-winter wastes of Siberia while those who dropped were left by their merciless guards to die in the snow—a fate that the rulers of the Kremlin have meted out to millions—the author of this great and classic book, calmly and dispassionately, without anger or self-pity and almost without comment, contrasts the deliberate and fanatic inhumanity towards their fellow-men of the rulers of Soviet Russia with the innate respect for human life and dignity of the simple Mongol peasants and Tibetan shepherds with whom he and his companions sheltered on their 4000-mile trek across the wastes of Central Asia to freedom. It is a book that I should dearly love Mr. Khrushchev and Marshal Bulganin to read, and to read themselves and not leave to their secret police to read for them. Yet the paradox remains that the iron

PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN AS A TOKEN MEMENTO.



PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN BY THE BRISTOL WATERWORKS COMPANY AS A TOKEN MEMENTO ON THE OCCASION OF THE INAUGURATION BY HER MAJESTY OF THE CHEW STOKE RESERVOIR ON APRIL 17: A BRONZE SCULPTURE, BY MR. HERBERT HASLTINE, OF FIELD MARSHAL V, THE CHAMPION SHIRE HORSE WHICH BELONGED TO GEORGE V.

The Bristol Waterworks Company commissioned Mr. Herbert Haseltine, the well-known sculptor of horses, to make a bronze of a famous racehorse, which was to be presented to her Majesty in commemoration of her inaugurating the Chew Stoke reservoir on April 17. Mr. Haseltine was unable to complete this commission in time for the ceremony and as a token memento her Majesty was presented with the bronze of her late grandfather's champion shire horse, *Field Marshal V*. Her Majesty's name has been wrongly spelt on the marble base, which was sculpted in Paris. It has been given its French spelling with an "s" instead of the "z." This model will become the property of the Bristol Waterworks Company, when the completed bronze of the racehorse has been presented to her Majesty.

Photograph by Routhier, Paris.

creed in whose name the atrocious inhumanities described in this book were done, itself sprang originally from the just indignation aroused by the denial of respect, justice and liberty by those who called themselves Christians to a downtrodden proletariat and peasantry. The evils committed in its name are thought of by their perpetrators as justified, because they believe that they serve the ultimate ends not of mere power, but of abstract justice to humanity. To relate that abstraction—one to which the rulers of Russia and the rulers of Britain alike pay tribute—to reality and to find a common denomination of humanity through personal and human relationships, is the task to which statesmanship has to address itself if mankind is to avoid the insane and suicidal arbitrament of a third world war. For a belief in the validity and dignity of the individual demands the rejection of the fallacy that, because an opponent holds a false belief, that belief and its consequences must automatically place him outside the pale of humanity. In reality he remains, as Mr. Barber says, a human being like ourselves, and if we wish him, and that which he represents, to be part of civilisation, we must treat him with the courtesy and respect to which every human being, by the teaching of our own civilised faith, is entitled.

**ROYALTY AT THE BADMINTON HORSE TRIALS,
AND RUSSIAN WARSHIPS AT PORTSMOUTH.**



(ABOVE.) AT BADMINTON : THE QUEEN'S HORSE COUNTRYMAN III, RIDDEN BY MR. A. E. HILL, TAKING A JUMP IN THE CROSS-COUNTRY SECTION OF THE THREE-DAY EQUESTRIAN EVENT.

(RIGHT.)

THE RUSSIAN CRUISER *ORDZHONIKIDZE* (12,800 TONS), IN WHICH MARSHAL BULGANIN AND MR. KHRUSHCHEV SAILED TO ENGLAND, APPROACHING PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR ON APRIL 18.

THE Russian cruiser, *Ordzhonikidze*, in which Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev sailed from Russia to England, and the two destroyers of the escort, *Sovershennyi* and *Smotryaschi*, have been sources of the greatest interest since their arrival at Portsmouth; and when the ships were opened to visitors on April 22 it is estimated that some 20,000 people were admitted to the dockyard. *Ordzhonikidze* (12,800 tons nominal) is a sister-ship of *Sverdlov*, which visited this country during the Coronation and is one of at least fourteen of the same class. She has been in commission since August 1955 and has a complement of about 1050 and a range of 8000 miles at 20 knots. The destroyer *Sovershennyi* is of 2200 tons and is a fast mine-laying type of the "Skoryi" class, in which there are over sixty-eight ships.



AT BADMINTON : PRINCESS MARGARET RIDING WITH FRIENDS. HER ROYAL HIGHNESS WATCHED THE HORSE TRIALS WITH THE QUEEN AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY. The Badminton three-day equestrian event, which was graced by the presence of the Queen and members of the Royal family, was won on April 20 by Lieut.-Colonel F. Weldon, Britain's Olympic captain, and his horse *Kilberry*. The Queen's horse, *Countryman III*, finished fourth.



THE SHIP'S COMPANY OF *ORDZHONIKIDZE* PARADED AS THE CRUISER JOINED BRITISH SHIPS AT PORTSMOUTH IN FIRING A BIRTHDAY SALUTE FOR H.M. THE QUEEN ON APRIL 21. ON THE LEFT CAN BE SEEN H.M.S. *BULWARK*.



PART OF THE HUGE CROWD WHICH GATHERED AT PORTSMOUTH TO INSPECT THE RUSSIAN WARSHIPS WHEN THEY WERE OPEN TO VISITORS FOR FOUR HOURS, ON APRIL 24. THE SHIP SHOWN IS THE CRUISER *ORDZHONIKIDZE*.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: SOVIET GIFTS FOR THE ROYAL FAMILY.



GIFTS FROM RUSSIA FOR THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND THE DUKE OF CORNWALL: TWO HORSES, *MELK-KUSH* (LEFT) AND *ZAMAN*, BEING EXERCISED AT EPSOM.



CLAIMED BACK BY ETHIOPIA: THE COLUMN OF AXUM WHICH WAS BROUGHT TO ROME AS A WAR TROPHY BY THE LATE MARSHAL GRAZIANI IN 1936.

BUILDINGS ANCIENT AND MODERN, AND OTHER ITEMS.



BROUGHT FROM RUSSIA BY THE SOVIET LEADERS FOR PRINCESS ANNE: *NIKKI*, A THREE-MONTH-OLD BROWN BEAR, BEING FED AT THE LONDON ZOO.



ON VIEW TO THE PUBLIC: BERKELEY CASTLE, THE MEDIEVAL FORTRESS HOME IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE OF THE BERKELEY FAMILY.



ROAD TRANSPORT DIFFICULTIES AT BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA: ENGINEERS DELIVERING THE 90-FT.-LONG BARREL OF A "FIRING GUN" FOR THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA'S ATOMIC LABORATORY.



NOT BAGHDAD BUT WASHINGTON, D.C.: A STRIKING BUILDING IN THE NEW ISLAMIC CENTRE ON MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE. WORK ON THE INTERIOR IS STILL CONTINUING, BUT THE EXTERIOR IS COMPLETE.



PROTECTED FROM POSSIBLE LANDSLIDES: A WATER CONDUIT IN THE FRENCH PYRENEES WHICH HAS BEEN HEAVILY "ARMOURED" WITH REINFORCED WIRE MESH AS A PRECAUTIONARY MEASURE.

**A NATURAL DISASTER: AND HUMAN TENSIONS:
NEWS FROM ALABAMA, CYPRUS AND PALESTINE.**



IN THE TRACK OF A TORNADO WHICH KILLED TWENTY-ONE PEOPLE AND INJURED SOME 200 IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA: WRECKAGE AT MCDONALD'S CHAPEL. On the evening of April 15 a tornado struck mining and industrial communities on the outskirts of Birmingham, Alabama. At least 100 houses were destroyed and 200 badly damaged; and twenty-one persons were killed by the violence of the storm which was followed by a heavy thunderstorm.



ALL THAT REMAINS OF AN ENTIRE NEIGHBOURHOOD NEAR BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA, AFTER A TORNADO ON APRIL 15, WHICH LEFT SOME 400 PERSONS HOMELESS.



FIELD MARSHAL SIR JOHN HARDING, GOVERNOR OF CYPRUS, INSPECTING AN ARMOURED VEHICLE DURING A VISIT TO ROYAL MARINE COMMANDOS STATIONED IN THE ISLAND. On April 15 masked terrorists fatally wounded a Greek Cypriot police officer, Assistant Superintendent Aristotelou, when he was visiting his wife and four-day-old son in a maternity clinic near Nicosia. On April 18 a punitive curfew on Nicosia and its neighbourhood was imposed in retribution.



THE FUNERAL OF A CYPRIOT POLICE OFFICER, ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT KYRIACOS ARISTOTELOU, WHO WAS MURDERED BY TERRORISTS WHILE VISITING HIS WIFE AND CHILD IN A NICOSIA MATERNITY CLINIC.



A PHOTOGRAPH DESCRIBED AS SHOWING MEMBERS OF THE LATELY FORMED PALESTINE NATIONAL GUARD ON PARADE IN GAZA ON APRIL 11.

It is alleged that the Palestine National Guard, a semi-military uniformed and armed body, has been recently recruited by Egypt. It is stated that their purpose is to protect refugee camps from Israeli attacks. Claims have been made that it is such bodies which cause much of the trouble on the frontier by indiscriminate firing.



THE INDEPENDENCE DAY PARADE IN HAIFA: PART OF THE MILITARY PARADE HELD ON APRIL 16 TO MARK THE EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY OF ISRAEL.

President Ben Zvi of Israel took the salute at the military parade which marched through the streets of Haifa on April 16, the eighth anniversary of the foundation of Israel. Our photograph shows some of the naval torpedoes which formed part of the parade. A number of military aircraft flew overhead.

ENGLISH HISTORY WITH "THE CHURCHILL TOUCH."

"A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLES." VOLUME I: "THE BIRTH OF BRITAIN." By WINSTON S. CHURCHILL.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

WHEN I saw this book announced, I thought "By Hercules, this is too much!" Here, it seemed, was Sir Winston, after fighting in almost every war of his time, serving in almost every Cabinet office, filling countless halls with his oratory, whole libraries with his books, innumerable newspapers with his articles, and acres of walls with his splendiferous paintings, bearing the burden of Atlas during the time when Britain was trying to sustain the free world alone, losing and recovering the Premiership of a bemused and vacillating country, settling down, at the age of eighty-one, to a job which might have been viewed with trepidation by the young Gibbon—who, in our day, not having Sir Winston's indomitable spirit, might have preferred, as subject, "The Rise and Decline of the British Empire."

Such energy seemed to me almost incredible, in spite of the fact that Sir Winston, like Habakkuk, is "*capable de tout.*" His achievement, it appears, was not so stupendous as I thought, nor his energy so superhuman. This book, though it has been revised since, was written before Hitler's War, when Sir Winston was, comparatively speaking, unoccupied. The War broke out, and he began making history, and almost simultaneously recording it, and this work, which is to fill four volumes, was temporarily shelved.

This is divulged in the Preface. "It is," says Sir Winston, "nearly twenty years ago that I made the arrangements which resulted in this book. At the outbreak of the war about half a million words were duly delivered. Of course there was still much to be done in proofreading when I went to the Admiralty on September 3, 1939. All this was set aside. During nearly six years of war, and an even longer period in which I was occupied with my war memoirs, the book slumbered peacefully. It is only now when things have quietened down that I present to the public a 'History of the English-Speaking Peoples.'

If there was need for it before, that has certainly not passed away. For the second time in the present century the British Empire and the United States have stood together facing the perils of war on the largest scale known among men, and since the cannons ceased to fire and the bombs to burst we have become more conscious of our common duty to the human race. Language, law, and the processes by which we have come into being, already afforded a unique foundation for drawing together and portraying a concerted task. I thought when I began that such a unity might well notably influence the destiny of the world. Certainly I do not feel that the need for this has diminished in any way in the twenty years that have passed."

Those paragraphs give a clue to the title of Sir Winston's book: he is thinking of Anglo-American co-operation, which every sensible man must have wished for throughout my lifetime, in spite of all the myths cherished on both sides of the Atlantic: the English myth of the gum-chewing, expectorating, boastful Yankee, with no knowledge of Europe or the past, and the American myth about tyrannical red-coats, led by German kings and haughty English lords, with monocles and Dundreary whiskers: the caricaturists and the dramatists do far more misleading than they do leading. "English-speaking," however, is a pretty vague term. Many millions of Negroes, for instance, now speak nothing but English; there are millions of families in the U.S.A. who have learnt English only in the last generation or two and have very little "history" in common with ourselves; and,

at this moment, there are gatherings of men in India who find it more convenient to talk to each other in English than to attempt general conversation in any one of the multifarious languages spoken in that racial mosaic of a sub-continent. But, if not "English-speaking" what more appropriate adjective could one suggest? There was once an imposing periodical inspired by Sir Winston's own "hands-across-the-sea spirit": it was, I think, largely governed by Sir Winston's able and beautiful American mother, Lady Randolph, and it was called "The Anglo-Saxon Review." But what sort of bell can the term "Anglo-Saxon" ring in the minds and hearts of the myriads of Jewish-Americans, Italo-Americans and Polish-Americans, or in those of the Celtic Welsh and Cornish

by the Danes), who were there because an exiled King of Leinster had asked the Anglo-Norman Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, to help him recover his rights. America had not yet been officially discovered, though the Icelanders had reached it and recorded it hundreds of years earlier, and it may have been from them that Christopher Columbus, that brave, determined, but astute man, derived his feeling that, did he but go on, he must reach land. The slave-trade had not started, which was to fill North America and the Caribbean with "English-speaking" blacks, called Macdonald or Smith, and there wasn't any British Empire at all. Thus far, in fact, Sir Winston's task has been an easy one: he has merely had to write a History of England up to the end of the Wars of the Roses: it remains

to be seen how he will deal with his "English-speaking" fellow-Harrowians, King Hussein, King Feisal, and Mr. Nehru.

He has done his job superbly. Original research one could hardly expect from him; donnish poring over charters in mediaeval Latin and Gothic script; in his histories of the two World Wars he has produced a sufficiency of documents for the scholars to peruse, which they mightn't have been able to scrutinize if it hadn't been for him. But here he uses only well-known authorities, the sort of books with which young men at Oxford and Cambridge "taking" History are supposed to be familiar, and he tells the old story all over again.

There may be nothing "new" in the book; but as it is written by Sir Winston, it all reads as though it were new because he is his unique self. Let him tell the story of an ordinary nursery rhyme over again, and he will bring new life into it. Ask him to recount the history of Jack and Jill, and they will become people; ask him to retell the story of "The Three Bears," and Goldilocks will come to life as a real little girl with real golden locks. Not being a don he does not disdain the repetition of the story of Alfred and the cakes: it is no odder than that of his escape, after hiding, during the South African War. He accepts King Arthur as the last of the Romano-British Christian chiefs who fought against the heathen pirates from the North: but he doesn't pretend to know more about him than is known. He strangely omits the story of Robin Hood. But, where there are more ascertainable facts, he is splendid. I don't think I have ever read anywhere a better account of those confused Wars of the Roses, which obliterated so much of the best blood in England. I think it was Horace Round who said that "after the Battle of Tewkesbury a Norman baron was as rare in England as a wolf." That was, perhaps, an exaggeration. They killed each other ruthlessly in a purely dynastic struggle, but some of them left children, who produced descendants to die for Charles I, and some to die in our modern wars.

Chesterton, when he wrote his "Short History of England" which, if my memory serves, didn't contain a single date, not even 55 B.C. or A.D. 1066, got the essence of everything by instinct. He wrote of the "strength of the weak kings": those included Henry III, Richard II and Henry VI, who built Eton and King's (where his plan was never completed) and was a friend of John Dunstable, the first great English composer. The warrior Churchill seems to me not to appreciate these monarchs adequately; the artist Churchill should.

But, take it all in all, this is the best Primer of English History up to 1485 which I have ever seen. It should take the place, in schools, of all existing manuals.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 424 of this issue.



THE HISTORIAN WHO HAS HIMSELF MADE HISTORY: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, K.G., THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK WHICH IS REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

There could be few more fitting dates for the publication of Sir Winston Churchill's new book than April 23, St. George's Day. The subject of Sir Winston's new work, which is to be completed in four volumes, is "The English-Speaking Peoples." Volume I, which is entitled "The Birth of Britain," traces, in Sir Winston's words, "the story of the English-speaking peoples from the earliest times to the eve of the European discovery of the New World. It concludes upon the field of Bosworth, the last battle of the tumultuous English Middle Ages."

Portrait study by Vivienne

who held out against the Teutons, of the descendants of the Picts and Scots, and of those who are proud to know that, at least in the male line, they are descended from the Normans, who regulated the Anglo-Saxon chaos, and invented "English" architecture, or from later lots of French? Anyhow, we know what Sir Winston means. Chesterton said that he couldn't define an elephant, but that he knew one when he saw one.

The question doesn't arise in this volume: it deals solely with the history of England, with occasional glances at Ireland and Scotland, up to the Battle of Bosworth Field, and the transfer of Richard's crown, in which he fought until he fell, and which was found hanging on a briar-bush. Even at that date "English-speaking" referred only to people living in England, except for the "Sassenachs" in the Lowlands of Scotland, and certain people in the "Irish Pale" around Dublin (which city, incidentally, was founded



A GOLDEN BUDDHA WORTH £1,000,000: A 10-FT.-HIGH BANGKOK STATUE; THOUGHT FOR THE LAST 200 YEARS TO BE BRONZE.

This statue of Buddha, in a Bangkok temple, was thought until recently to be of bronze; and it had been proposed to move it to another temple. While this was being done, its surface was chipped or scraped in some way, and its true material, gold, was revealed. It was immediately replaced in its original position and thoroughly cleaned; and has since attracted crowds of worshippers who have given rich offerings to the temple, which is now guarded by armed men. Various reports, some contradictory, have been made about the discovery and these may be summarised as follows: that the statue had been covered with plaster; that it had been covered with bronze; that it had been so covered in the eighteenth century to hide its nature from the invading Burmese; that it is of "solid gold"; and that it weighs 5 tons and is worth

£1,000,000. From its appearance it seems to be a Buddha of the School of Ayudha and to date, in all probability, from the fifteenth century. If it was indeed camouflaged during an invasion, the obvious material to use would have been lacquer; and it is possible that there may have been some gesso under the lacquer in some parts, since it has long been customary in the East to "bring statues up to date" by remodelling details in plaster to suit the contemporary fashion, and covering them with lacquer. If the statue is indeed of "solid gold," it seems likely that this is a layer of the precious metal over a core—to account for the weight. "Solid gold" objects are rare in Siam, where gold leaf is much used; and it will certainly add to the rarity of this statue, if the metal is indeed fine gold and not an alloy of gold and, perhaps, silver.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO BRISTOL: A DAY OF ECHOES OF THE FIRST ELIZABETHAN AGE.



ARRIVING IN THE CENTRE OF BRISTOL IN THE ROYAL BARGE: DURING HER VISIT TO BRISTOL ON APRIL 17, HER MAJESTY, LIKE QUEEN ELIZABETH I NEARLY 400 YEARS AGO, REACHED THE CENTRE OF THIS GREAT SEAFARING CITY BY RIVER.

DURING her visit to Bristol on April 17 the Queen must often have been reminded of another Royal visit to this ancient city—that of Queen Elizabeth I in 1574. In the sixteenth century Bristol was one of the chief ports of a great seafaring nation, and it was natural that the Queen should enter her city by water. This example was followed during the most recent Royal visit to Bristol, when the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh embarked from the Albion Dockyard in the Royal barge, which carried them up the

[Continued below.]

(RIGHT.) AT THE OPENING CEREMONY OF THE NEW COUNCIL HOUSE IN BRISTOL: THE QUEEN MAKING HER REPLY TO THE HUMBLE ADDRESS OF WELCOME, WHICH HAD BEEN READ BY THE RECORDER OF BRISTOL MR. G. D. ROBERTS, Q.C.



ACCOMPANIED BY THE VICAR, THE REV. R. F. CARTWRIGHT: THE QUEEN ABOUT TO ENTER THE BEAUTIFUL PARISH CHURCH OF ST. MARY REDCLIFFE—"THE FAIREST, GOODLIEST AND MOST FAMOUS PARISH CHURCH IN ENGLAND"—DURING HER VISIT TO BRISTOL.



UNVEILED BY HER MAJESTY DURING THE INAUGURATION CEREMONY OF THE VAST CHEW STONE RESERVOIR: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH INSPECT THE COMMEMORATION STONE.

Continued.

River Avon to land at the Narrow Quay, in the city's centre. Previously her Majesty had visited the famous church of St. Mary Redcliffe, which Queen Elizabeth I once described as "the fairest, goodliest and most famous parish church in England." After opening the new Council House, on College Green, the Queen was presented with a gift from the city by the Lord Mayor. Later her Majesty inaugurated the important new Chew Stoke Reservoir.



AFTER THE OPENING OF THE NEW COUNCIL HOUSE, HER MAJESTY AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH STEPPED OUT ON TO THE BALCONY. BEHIND THEM IS A STATUE OF JOHN CABOT, THE FAMOUS EXPLORER WHO SAILED FROM BRISTOL. THIS STATUE IS THE WORK OF CHARLES WHEELER, R.A.



AT THE CEREMONY OF INAUGURATION OF THE CHEW STOKE RESERVOIR : H.M. THE QUEEN WALKS TO THE ROYAL DAIS FROM WHICH SHE PERFORMED THE CEREMONY.



WAVING TO THE CROWDS FROM THE BALCONY OF THE NEW COUNCIL HOUSE AT BRISTOL : THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AFTER THE OPENING CEREMONY ON APRIL 17.

THE QUEEN AT BRISTOL : TWO INAUGURAL CEREMONIES IN SPRING SUNSHINE.

Following the example of her illustrious namesake, Queen Elizabeth I, her Majesty, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, arrived in the centre of Bristol on April 17 by water. She embarked from the Albion Dockyard in the Royal barge, and after a tour of the city docks, the Royal party landed at the Narrow Quay, where the first Queen Elizabeth had disembarked during a visit to the city in 1574. The Queen performed the opening ceremony of the

impressive new Council House, near the Cathedral on College Green. The foundation-stone had been laid in 1935, but the war delayed the completion of this building, which cost a total of £1,000,000. Later in the day the Queen inaugurated the Chew Stoke Reservoir, which has a capacity of 4,500,000,000 gallons. This Bristol waterworks project is set in the Mendip Hills, a few miles from the city. The official West Country tour ended with a visit to Bath.

WE may say that there are two problems in the Middle East, a big one and a little. The first is to stop the fighting near the Gaza strip and prevent its breaking out again in the near future. The second is to find a means of stabilising the whole vast area and establishing a state of affairs which will not only render war in the near future unlikely but remove the major irritants, the uneasiness and unrest, the grievances—real and imaginary—by which it is beset. The first problem is the more prominent in the public eye; many people, indeed, are concerned about it who hardly realise that the second exists. The date on which this article is written is not the most suitable for dealing with the first. It would be most convenient to write either in anticipation or in the light of the mission of Mr. Hammarskjöld. It so chances, however, that at the time of writing he has visited Egypt but not Israel. I shall, nevertheless, discuss both problems.

The Gaza business is an ugly one. It has flared up, died down, flamed again, time after time. The ashes of hate and suspicion have never ceased to smoulder. The last outbreak, though mostly an affair of bombardment and counter-bombardment, is said to have caused more loss of life than any of its predecessors. Yet, taken by itself, it is a relatively simple matter. The prospects of success in the limited aim of which I have spoken are fairly good. Mr. Hammarskjöld clearly started well, and his visit to Cairo was satisfactory. And quietude on this frontier is certainly worth while struggling for. Though I have described it as the small problem, it is one which, if not solved, might result in an outbreak of open war between Israel and Egypt and then spread to involve Jordan and Syria; perhaps Lebanon also. It is, in fact, one item in the wider issue.

When one examines the background of Egypt at the present moment, Mr. Hammarskjöld's promising start in his mission, welcome though it is, does not afford reason for high enthusiasm. There are obvious reasons why Colonel Nasser should desire to damp down the fires again, but they are not necessarily reasons why he should desire to see them altogether extinguished. Egypt finds herself in a state of transition. Her Government has a number of economic and social preoccupations. It must desire that various developments should make more headway in peaceful conditions because it fears that they would be wiped out, even as regards progress already made, by war. One of the consequences might be to unsettle the country to such an extent that the régime itself would be imperilled. No great measure of political wisdom is required to make it clear that this would not be the time to try conclusions with Israel and that to do so now would be to compromise the experiment to which Colonel Nasser is committed.

Moreover, Colonel Nasser must feel that the moment is not propitious from the strictly military point of view. He has got some of his Czech-produced arms and equipment, but his troops are still untrained in their use. Russian instructors are still teaching a number of the officers. Even if they have absorbed the instruction, it has not yet reached the Army as a whole. In other words, if Colonel Nasser gave the Secretary-General of the United Nations a favourable reception, and the assurances which the latter was seeking, it cannot be concluded with certainty that this was because he wanted peace with Israel; it may mean only that he wants peace for the time being so that he may stand in a stronger position for a fight later on. If that proved to be the case, a lull on the Gaza front would be a signpost pointing, not to peace, but to a war at Egypt's convenience.

Israel is conscious of this possibility. Her first war with the Arab States was extremely successful and bred confidence in her armed forces. In the raiding and counter-raiding on her borders she has had the better of the exchanges. Yet the rearmament of the Egyptians on land and in the air has been causing her deep anxiety. Her demands for arms have not been met by the United States. President and Administration have shown a coolness unusual in a country where Jewish influence is so strong—and this is election year. Israel probably believes that the influence will always be strong enough to prevent her destruction; but, even if that is so, even if she comes victorious out of a war, she will lose a great deal of that which she has laboriously built up since she became a sovereign State.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

MR. HAMMARSKJÖLD'S POLICY.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

A powerful politically-minded element in her forces would not shrink from a preventive war, but has hitherto been firmly restrained by the Government.

The approach of Mr. Hammarskjöld does not seem even to touch the big problem. In getting to grips with this, the first and most obvious need is to provide a less ridiculous frontier than that which represents the military situation when the truce ended the major operations in the Arab war. The most vicious of Israel's frontiers is that with the Kingdom of Jordan. I need say only a few words about this because all who take any interest in the subject are familiar with

also represent, however, a grave political menace by reason of their numbers and their plight. In the Gaza strip they have been under heavy fire. They have been roused to fury, to such an extent that they have threatened the U.N.R.W.A. organisation, which provides for their subsistence and welfare. Parties of them have fought in small bodies on the commando pattern inside the territory of Israel. They have

always been a political problem; it is, however, only relatively recently that they have themselves begun to acquire considerable political influence.

Though the refugees in the Egyptian Gaza strip have been the sufferers in the recent fighting and most prominent in the news, the far more numerous bodies in Jordan have become more important in the political sense. They played a leading part in the two connected crises in that country: the reversal of Jordan's decision to enter the Baghdad Pact and the dismissal of Glubb Pasha. Doubtless, their understanding of what was going on and what they themselves were doing was sketchy, but even as tools to be used by other hands they proved formidable. "Refugee movements" are not a novelty; even in well-ordered Western Germany they have played a part, though there agitation for their own interests has not been marked by fanaticism. The probability is that the power of the refugees will grow unless their lot is improved, and it cannot fail to be an unfortunate influence, since their minds have been seared and twisted by their misfortunes.

Here is a situation more forbidding than that of the Gaza strip or of the frontiers in general. There is no need or room to go over again the ground I have covered on previous occasions. All I will say is that complete absorption of the refugees seems to be impossible, but that a large proportion, perhaps over half, could be settled if both sides would face the task with sincerity. But it must be noted that, though small resettlement schemes based on land reclamation have been carried out by U.N.R.W.A., these have not involved the participation of Israel. No progress has been made with the great Jordan valley scheme which does. Here effort is blocked, and meanwhile the political and moral ulcer of the unsettled refugees grows more and more inflamed. Even such prospects as there are of compensation are seldom, if ever, welcomed by the refugees because they refuse to abandon their demand for repatriation and the restoration of their former possessions in Israel. Israel would rather fight than submit to this.

Mr. Hammarskjöld is as well aware as anyone that the refugee problem is one of the basic features of the political life of the Middle East. Should he require any further briefing on the spot, he will get it at Beirut, where the headquarters of U.N.R.W.A. is established. Yet he seems to have decided that this must remain in the background for the time being, and that he will proceed bit by bit to search for lenitives. These would take the forms already mentioned: retracing of frontiers, creation of a demilitarised zone between them, strengthening of the personnel at the disposal of Major-General Burns, thinning out of troops at points—especially the Gaza strip—where conflict is most likely. He is said to believe that it is useless to attempt to deal with the great problem, the future peace of the Middle East, or the related question of the refugees, simultaneously.

He may well be right, and if he secures a breathing-space he will deserve our gratitude and still more that of those who chiefly suffer from the present chaotic situation and especially the frontier clashes. Yet this can be no more than a beginning. Should it be achieved, its principal advantage will be to enable a new effort to deal with the long-term problems of the Middle East. Fresh consideration should be given to the Baghdad Pact and to the question whether or not it has contributed to unrest and insecurity by increasing the bitter rivalry between Egypt and Iraq. Fresh study should be focused on the future relations of Israel and the Arab world, taking into account the fact that Israel has never been a viable State without lavish outside aid, that even without immigration her population will increase rapidly in the next few years, and that it will soon far exceed the ability of the country within present boundaries to sustain it. This is a factor always much in the minds of Israel's neighbours. Finally, unless the refugees are raised from their slough of misery and enforced idleness, they will always be a disturbing influence in the Middle East.



JORDAN ON THE RIGHT, ISRAEL ON THE LEFT: A PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY THE UNITED NATIONS RELIEF AND WORKS AGENCY FOR PALESTINE REFUGEES. TWO SCHOOLBOYS CHAT ACROSS THE FRONTIER AT BEIT SAFADA, NEAR JERUSALEM. THE DEMARCACTION LINE CUTS THIS VILLAGE IN TWO, AND STRINGENT MEASURES ARE IN FORCE TO PREVENT SMUGGLING AND INFILTRATION.



A PERTINENT EXAMPLE OF THE FRONTIER AND REFUGEE PROBLEMS DISCUSSED IN HIS ARTICLE BY CAPTAIN FALLS: ABD EL RAHMAN SAID OMARI POINTS TO THE FRONTIER STONE, BELOW THE DATE TREE, WHICH MARKS THE DEMARCACTION LINE RUNNING THROUGH HIS HOUSE AND LAND ON THE JORDAN-ISRAEL FRONTIER. HE IS ONLY ALLOWED TO PICK THE DATES ON ONE SIDE OF THE PALM TREE, AND HE HAS HAD TO WATCH HIS CROPS ON THE FRONTIER BEING BURNED.

the subject. All have heard about the isolation of dwellings from the fields, even the gardens, of their owners. These conditions are to be found on other frontiers, but they are at their worst in this case. The best preliminary move would be the establishment of a temporary neutral zone all along the Jordan frontier, together with the strengthening of the United Nations organisation for the supervision of the truce. Mr. Hammarskjöld is said to be proposing this, as well as withdrawal of opposing forces on the Gaza front, but the first project will be more coldly received than the second.

The second need is less easily grasped by those not acquainted with the region. Much has been written about the Arab refugees from the point of view of humanity. It is right that this should be so. They

THE ISRAEL-JORDAN FRONTIER: HARDSHIP IN THE BORDER VILLAGES.



THE POOLS OF SOLOMON ARE DRY : A SYMPTOM OF THE SITUATION ON THE JORDAN-ISRAEL FRONTIER, WHERE MANY VILLAGES ARE CUT OFF FROM THEIR WELLS, WHICH NOW LIE ACROSS A FRONTIER.



THIS YEAR'S ACUTE WATER SHORTAGE HAS ADDED TO THE DIFFICULTIES BROUGHT BY THE FRONTIER DIVISIONS. THIS VILLAGER FROM MERSIN CAN NOT USE THE FURTHER WELL, WHICH LIES ACROSS THE FRONTIER AND HAS BEEN SEALED.



AN ATTEMPT TO ALLEVIATE THE WATER SHORTAGE : WATER BEING SUPPLIED TO FAKOU'AH VILLAGE, NEAR NABLUS, BY THE NEAR EASTERN CHRISTIAN COUNCIL.



(RIGHT.) A VILLAGE NEAR JERUSALEM CUT IN TWO: THE DEMARCACTION LINE RUNS DOWN THE MIDDLE OF THE VILLAGE MAIN STREET, WHICH WAS ONCE THE CENTRE OF VILLAGE ACTIVITY, BUT IS NOW DESERTED.



WITH MUCH OF THEIR BEST LAND LOST TO THEM ACROSS THE FRONTIER, THESE VILLAGERS ARE WORKING TO BRING NEW LAND UNDER CULTIVATION ON A BARREN MOUNTAINSIDE.



BARBED WIRE CUTS THEM OFF FROM THEIR FORMER LANDS AND WELLS: VILLAGERS AT BURJ, SOUTH OF HEBRON, LOOK LONGINGLY ACROSS THE FRONTIER-LINE.

THESE photographs, supplied by the United Nations Relief and Works Agency for Palestine Refugees, poignantly tell the story of hardship and distress caused by the anomalies of the Israel-Jordan frontier. The broad difficulties which face Mr. Hammarskjöld in his efforts to bring a settlement in this area are discussed by Captain Falls in his article this week. But as these photographs show, it will be extremely difficult to achieve peace between the two countries until the hatred and unrest caused by the innumerable local and personal frontier problems have been alleviated. All along the frontier between Jordan and Israel the demarcation line has brought poverty and ruin. Villages are divided in two, groups of families are cut off from their homes, and in several cases villages have lost their water supplies and large areas of their best land. An immediate additional problem is that West Jordan has been hit by an acute water shortage, which is worsened by the unnatural loss of so many wells.

Photographs supplied by courtesy of U.N.R.W.A.

THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCE RAINIER AND MISS KELLY: MONACO SCENES.



A PRE-WEDDING SCENE IN MONACO: MISS KELLY, WEARING A LIGHT-BLUE DRESS, CONGRATULATING JACQUELINE PASQUIER, OF NANTES, THE WINNER OF A CONTEST IN WHICH FRENCH CHILDREN COMPOSED WEDDING GREETINGS. THE CHILDREN'S ENTRIES, WHICH NUMBERED MANY HUNDREDS, ARE IN THE TRANSPARENT BAG.



IN THE COURTYARD OF THE ROYAL PALACE: MISS KELLY SEEN IN A CHARMING PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BEFORE HER MARRIAGE. HER BEAUTY ENTRANCED EVERYBODY.



ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS OF THE CROWD: PRINCE RAINIER AND HIS BRIDE ON A BALCONY OF THE PALACE AFTER THEIR WEDDING IN MONACO CATHEDRAL.



MOVING AMONG THEIR GUESTS: PRINCE RAINIER AND HIS BRIDE AT THE GARDEN PARTY WHICH THEY GAVE IN THE PALACE GROUNDS ON APRIL 18.



ON THE EVE OF THE WEDDING: A GLITTERING DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS LIGHT UP MONACO HARBOUR AND THE VESSELS BERTHED THERE.

The only official palace function before the civil wedding of Prince Rainier and Miss Grace Kelly was on the afternoon of April 17, when the Prince and his bride-to-be received the foreign diplomats accredited to the wedding. Happily the sun made its reappearance after five days of incessant rain and Monaco was once more bathed in sunshine. On April 18 Prince Rainier and Miss Kelly were proclaimed man and wife at a civil ceremony which took place in the Throne Room of the Palace (photographs of which appear on the facing page).



ARRIVING AT THE PALACE ON APRIL 17: THE ROLLS-ROYCE WHICH WAS A WEDDING PRESENT FROM THE PRINCIPALITY OF MONACO.

Afterwards there was a luncheon at the palace, which was followed by a garden party at which some 3000 Monégasques toasted the bride and bridegroom in champagne. In the evening the Prince and his bride attended a gala performance given by the London Festival Ballet at the Opera House. Miss Kelly looked radiantly beautiful in a white dress encrusted with pearls, rhinestones and sequins, and wore the red and white Order of St. Charles which had been presented to her by the Prince earlier in the evening.



IN THE THRONE ROOM OF THE PALACE : PRINCE RAINIER AND HIS BRIDE DURING THE CIVIL MARRIAGE CEREMONY ON APRIL 18.



AFTER BEING LEGALLY PROCLAIMED MAN AND WIFE : PRINCE RAINIER ABOUT TO TAKE HIS BRIDE'S ARM. ON THE RIGHT ARE MISS KELLY'S PARENTS.

WATCHED ON TELEVISION BY SOME 30,000,000 PEOPLE : PRINCE RAINIER'S CIVIL WEDDING IN MONACO.

The Throne Room of the hill-top Palace in Monaco was the scene on April 18 of the civil marriage of Prince Rainier and Miss Grace Kelly. The ceremony lasted for forty minutes and was watched by close relatives of the bride and bridegroom, officials, personal guests, and the representatives of foreign nations. M. Portanier, one of the senior Monaco judges, read the long list of Prince Rainier's 142 titles—Rainier III, Louis-Henri-Maxence-Bertrand, Prince Souverain de Monaco, Duc de Valentinois, Marquis des Baux, Comte de Carladès, Baron du Buis,

Seigneur de Saint-Rémy, Sire de Matignon, Comte de Torigni, Baron de Saint-Lé, Baron de la Luthumièr, Baron de Hambye, Duc de Mazarin, Duc de Mayenne, Prince de Château-Porcien, Comte de Ferrette, de Belfort, de Thann et de Rosemont, Baron d'Altkirch, Seigneur d'Isenheim, Marquis de Chilly, Comte de Longjumeau, Baron de Massy, Marquis de Guiscard, etc. It was estimated that 30,000,000 viewers in the nine countries joined by the Eurovision network watched the civil wedding on television, and the religious ceremony in Monaco Cathedral.



"... AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER": THE SCENE IN MONACO CATHEDRAL AS THE MARRIAGE BETWEEN PRINCE RAINIER AND MISS GRACE KELLY WAS SOLEMNISED.

The sun shone from blue skies on April 19 when the marriage of Prince Rainier and Miss Grace Kelly was solemnised in Monaco's small cathedral. The bride, a beautiful, composed and serious figure, took her place before the altar a few minutes before the arrival of the bridegroom. Despite the cameras and bright

lights the ceremonies in the cathedral were moving and dignified; and the importance placed by both bride and bridegroom on the Church's blessing of their marriage was evident from their demeanour throughout the service and the Nuptial Mass which followed. The marriage was solemnised by Mgr. Barthé,

Bishop of Monaco, in the presence of Mgr. Marella, the Papal representative, and Father Tucker, the Prince's chaplain, acted as Master of Ceremonies. The bride wore a most beautiful wedding dress of *peau de soie*, taffeta, silk net and Valenciennes lace and carried a small spray of lilies-of-the-valley. Prince Rainier

wore a black uniform jacket and light grey trousers striped at the side with yellow. At his side he carried a sword; and across his jacket was the sash of the Order of St. Charles, and he also wore the insignia of many orders. A salute of guns greeted the Prince and his bride as they left the cathedral.

THE WORLD'S FIRST FARMING VILLAGES: MORE LIGHT ON THE 6500-YEAR-OLD VILLAGE OF JARMO AND OTHER COMMUNITIES OF THE FERTILE CRESCENT.

By ROBERT J. BRAIDWOOD, M.A., Ph. D., Associate Professor of Old World Prehistory and Anthropology, The Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago, and Field Director of the Iraq-Jarmo Project.

IN the December 15, 1951, issue of *The Illustrated London News* we described the results of the 1950-51 season of excavation at Jarmo, near Chemchemal, in the Kurdish hill country of Iraq. The Iraq-Jarmo project of the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago returned to the field in September 1954, and continued until June 1955. The over-all problem of the project remained an attempt to gain further understanding of the great transition from food-gathering savagery to the establishment of effective food-production and the settled village-farming community.

Only the spring months of 1955 were spent at Jarmo. It had been anticipated that three months' further work on the site would allow sufficient time for an exploration of the village in breadth, and it was considered that sufficient testing in depth and detail had been done in the 1948 and 1950-51 seasons. The plan of campaign called for utilising the fall months of 1954 for a survey for new sites in the drainage basin of the Greater Zab, and for an archaeological tour of reappraisal in north-western Iraq, Syria, Lebanon, Jordan and Cilician Turkey in January and February.

The understanding of the transition to effective food-production and the settled village-farming community implies

Mosul-Erbil road, was the most important, although Gird Ali Agha (near the village of Girdmamik, on the Greater Zab) and Gird Banahilk (near Diyana, Ruwanduz district) were also extremely interesting. The caves



FIG. 1. FROM THE WORLD'S OLDEST KNOWN VILLAGE COMMUNITY, JARMO IN NORTHERN IRAQ: UNBAKED CLAY FIGURINES. SOME OF THE STALKED EXAMPLES END IN HUMAN HEADS, BUT WHAT THEY ARE INTENDED TO REPRESENT IN PARTICULAR IS NOT YET CLEAR.



FIG. 2. ONE OF THE MOST CONSTANT FEATURES OF THE EARLIEST CIVILISATIONS: UNBAKED CLAY "MOTHER-GODDESS" FIGURINES. FOUND IN THE JARMO SITE, AND DATING FROM ABOUT 6500 YEARS AGO.

the reconstruction of the natural as well as the cultural environment. Very fortunately, our proposals to the National Science Foundation, the Wenner-Gren Foundation for Anthropological Research, the Guggenheim fellowship committee, and the American Philosophical Society were well received, and we were able to have with us in the field a Pleistocene geologist, a botanist, a zoologist, and a specialist in the radioactive carbon dating process. The considerable success of this natural sciences team, working in the field in all three phases of the campaign, not only increases our own opportunities of interpretation many fold, but is also an investment in Near Eastern research which will continue to yield dividends for many years to come.

During the Fall survey phase, we covered—by four-wheel-drive vehicle, folding boat, or on foot—some 450 route miles of the Greater Zab drainage basin, with perhaps that distance again in zig-zagging off the route wanderings. The Iraq-Jarmo project staff concentrated on early village sites; Dr. Bruce Howe, annual professor of the Baghdad School of the American Schools of Oriental Research, concentrated on the terminal phases of the occupation of caves. At the end of the Fall season, five village sites and four caves were sounded. Of the village sites, M'lefaat, a mound near the Khazir River bridge on the



FIG. 3. FROM THE GIRD BANAHILK VILLAGE SITE, NEAR THE PERSIAN BORDER, WHICH IS REMARKABLE FOR THE APPARENT PURITY OF ITS HALAFIAN PAINTED POTTERY: A SELECTION OF CLAY OBJECTS AND PAINTED POTTERY.

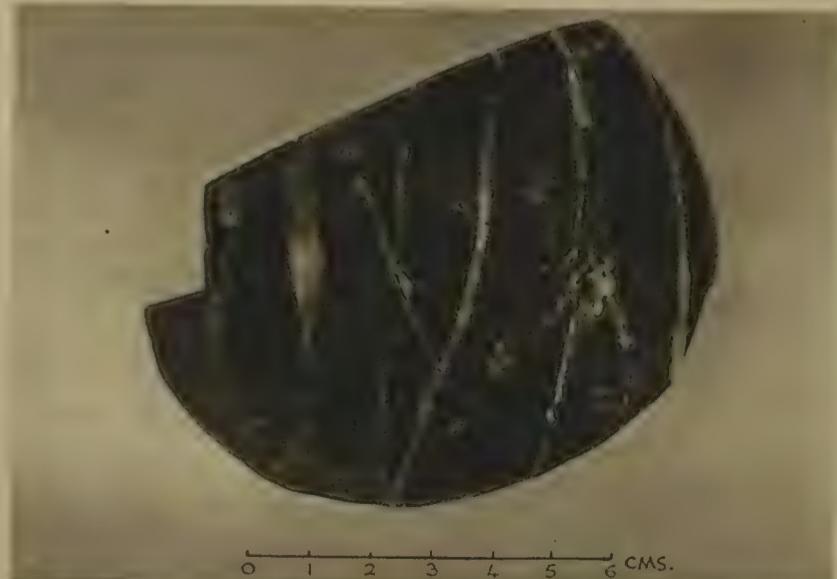


FIG. 4. A GROUND STONE BOWL FROM THE JARMO SITE: ALTHOUGH BROKEN, IT SHOWS A HIGH DEGREE OF WORKMANSHIP AND REPRESENTS MUCH TIME AND CARE SPENT IN ITS MANUFACTURE.

yielded horizons already recognised in Iraq. One of the cave sites, Ishkeft Babkhal (near Havdiyan village, Ruwanduz district) was of especial interest in yielding well stratified Mousterian and Zarzi-like extended Gravettian materials.

M'lefaat was certainly once the site of a village but the traces of circular pit-dwellings, the scarcity of obsidian and of finer quality ground stone objects, and the complete lack of pottery suggests a phase of culture even more primitive than that of Jarmo. A radioactive carbon sample was secured, but has not yet been "run." Gird Ali Agha contained a simple architecture and much coarse pottery, and probably represents a phase equivalent to latest Jarmo or earliest Hassuna archaic. Gird Banahilk, high in the mountain country near the Iranian frontier, is noteworthy for the apparent purity of the Halafian painted pottery it yielded (Fig. 3).

The most readily appreciable accomplishment of the winter's archaeological tour in the west was the collection of radioactive carbon samples. Professor F. R. Matson, the National Science Foundation grantee, had already developed a technique for the reduction of fine-grained charcoal particles from floor and hearth débris. Such samples were collected from Arpachiyah, Hassuna, Tepe Gawra, Grai Resh, Halaf, Brak, Chager Bazar, Byblos, Ksar Akil, Mersin, Judaiah, and Baghouz, as well as from southern Iraqi sites at other times during the season. In all, a series of fifty-two carbon-¹⁴ samples, some from our own excavations but mainly from other sites, is now available for the construction of a time grid for the late cave and early village phases of western Asia.

On March 8, the expedition returned to Iraq and set up camp at Jarmo, resuming work at the site a few days later. Dr. Howe completed the excavation of the cave of Palegawra, 15 miles south-east of Jarmo, which he commenced in 1951, and did a short sounding in the Spilik cave, near Shaklawa. The natural scientists concentrated on the collection of evidence for the reconstruction of the natural environment of Jarmo.

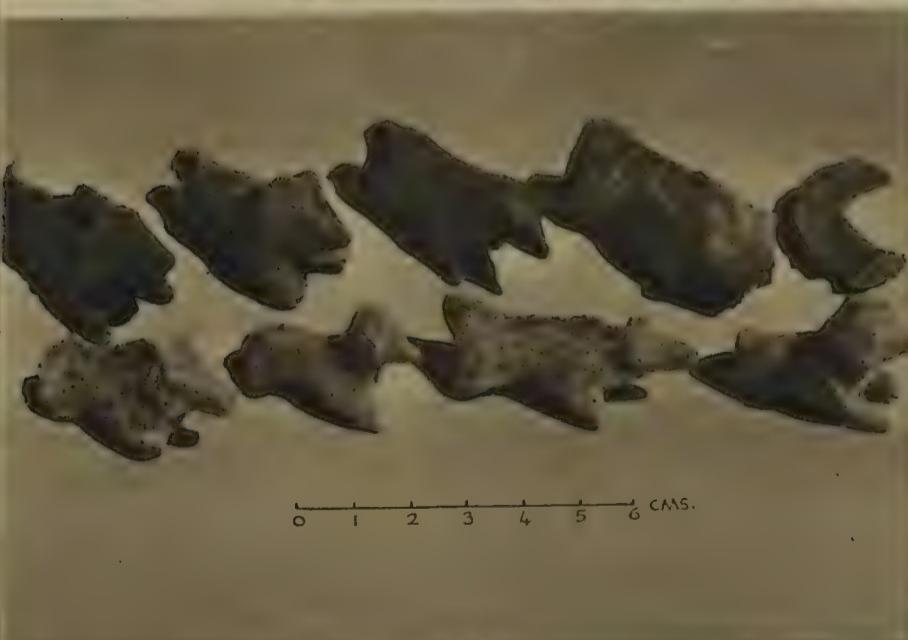
The problem of reconstruction of the original village of Jarmo in breadth was approached by the excavation of a large number of 2-metre squares, set in a 5- by 6-metre grid oriented so as to intercept (the already known) architecture at a 45 degree angle (Fig. 5). The experiment was a qualified success, but it is clear that there is no short cut to complete excavation (and little hope of meeting the cost of it in the predictable future!). During the last week of the campaign, we expanded the squares containing traces of buildings of greatest promise, and examined an area of heavy ash accumulation by means of a deep and narrow trench. The traces of one building with walls of over a metre and a half in thickness were intercepted in the deep trench, and portions of elaborate stone foundations were uncovered near the surface.

The normal assemblage of Jarmo had, apparently, already been delineated in its general form in 1951. In the small object category, the year's most interesting yield was in the variety of unbaked clay figurine types (Figs. 1, 2, 4, 6 and 7), and in the relative completeness of some of the types only vaguely comprehended heretofore. There were several examples of the "mother-goddess" type with the rendering of the face still intact (Fig. 2); there were also traces of the "mother-goddess" [Continued opposite.]

A MODERN VIEW OF THE WORLD'S OLDEST VILLAGE: JARMO FROM THE AIR.



FIG. 5. THE WORLD'S OLDEST KNOWN VILLAGE COMMUNITY, JARMO, FROM THE AIR. THIS PHOTOGRAPH VIVIDLY SHOWS THE DRASTIC EROSION OF THE SITE, AND THE GRID SYSTEM OF EXCAVATION PITS, SOME OF WHICH HAVE LED TO MORE EXTENSIVE DIGGING. (Photograph by courtesy of the Iraq Petroleum Co. Ltd.)



FIGS. 6 AND 7. CURIOUSLY RESEMBLING A PACK OF THURBER'S DOGS IN FULL CRY: TWO SELECTIONS OF THE UNBAKED CLAY FIGURINES OF ANIMALS FOUND IN THE JARMO SITE.

Continued.
with a red ochre wash. In the pottery vessel category (which still remains restricted to the uppermost third of the deposit) there were a few painted sherds of the type called Hassuna archaic—this recognition being confirmed by Sayid Fuad Safar, one of the excavators of Hassuna. This would suggest that on ceramic grounds, at least, there was probably no disconformity between latest Jarmo and earliest Hassuna, but there remains the bothersome disconformity in the bulky chipped stone category. As we have suggested elsewhere, the answer

to this apparent variety of artifactual manifestations of culture need not necessarily imply a long range of time, but rather cultural variety at the same approximate time. Clarity of understanding in the matter will come with detailed study of the materials in question and the reduction of the radioactive carbon samples to a chronological grid. Contrary to our original plan of campaign, it appears that we still have unfinished business at Jarmo, to be combined with an examination of M'lefaat in our next (1957-58) season in Iraq.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

WAYS WITH THE LIGTU ALSTROEMERIAS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

THE race of Alstroemerias known collectively as the Ligtu hybrids are perhaps the most sumptuous and colourful hardy herbaceous plants that have come to British gardens during the last twenty or thirty years. But unfortunately the majority of amateurs seem to be in some doubt as to how best to start them in their gardens. At the same time, the professionals, the nurserymen and the seedsmen seem to have been propagating several different schools of thought on the question of propagating and starting these lovely flowers, with the result that the Ligtu hybrids have failed to find their way into hundreds of thousands of gardens in which they might be flourishing to-day.

Starting a bed of the Ligtu hybrids is a delicate but by no means a difficult job, and once established, the plants are absolutely hardy and perennial, improving in vigour and splendour, without fuss or bother, year after year after year, and for evermore. The roots consist of curious fleshy tubers, rather like bunches of elongated white grapes. They are very brittle, and growing deep into the ground are difficult to move and transplant once they have become established. For this reason it is important to start with young seedlings, and plant them where they are to remain permanently. They may be planted as bold masses in the herbaceous border, or they may occupy a special border to themselves—a long, narrow border for preference.

Two or three years ago I told on this page how I started two beds of Ligtu hybrids in my Cotswold garden, and as those beds have proved an outstanding and easily-achieved success, I will tell the story again for the sake of any who did not happen to come upon that article—or who were not paying attention. I sowed the seeds in early summer in a pan of light soil in a cold frame. The seedlings came up looking rather like young sprouting wheat, the leaves rather wider and more fleshy than baby wheat, and with a slight spiral twist which is characteristic of Alstroemeria leaves. When they were 2 to 3 ins. high I shook them gently from the soil and planted them out 6 to 9 ins. apart in the two special beds. One bed faces east with a low wall at its back, and is roughly 7 yards long and 3 ft. wide. The other, facing south, is 6 yards long by 6 ft. wide. The soil is ordinary, fairly light, rather stony garden loam.

The only really special care I took was in planting the seedlings. Each consisted of a juicy white tuber an inch or two long, as brittle as celery, and attached by a thread-like stem to the leaves. I planted them one by one with a trowel, drawing the soil around them very gently. Within a week or two the leaves died down, after which it was a case of waiting for their reappearance next spring. They came up faithfully, every one of them, and a few produced flower-heads. After that there was no looking back. The plants formed clumps, each of which sends up a forest of stout 4- to 5-ft. stems, each of which carries a wide head of up to fifty or sixty of the lovely lily-like blossoms.

Nothing surely could be simpler than this method of starting the Ligtu hybrid Alstroemerias. The important thing is to plant out the seedlings whilst they are still small, young and growing, to do it gently, and to remember not to get into a flap when the leaves

die down so soon after planting-out. If they are planted in groups in the flower borders it is most important to mark the clumps very clearly as a safeguard against their being destroyed or in any way disturbed during the hoeing or digging operations. I have found by experience that the narrower 3-ft. bed is far more convenient in every way than the wider bed. It is easier to weed when the plants are up and growing, and far more convenient when it comes to cutting the flowers for the house. I find that so profusely do the plants flower that one can cut lavishly from the beds without spoiling the general show to any appreciable extent. And what superb

things they are, both for cutting and for producing a rich, brilliant and highly exotic gala performance in the garden, varying through every shade and gradation between deep orange-red and gold, palest shell-pink, rose, and almond blossom pink, apricot, orange, tangerine and, in my particular strain, a few are what I can only describe as Godiva white. I have heard the range of colours aptly described as covering all the best to be found among the Mollis azaleas.

A convenient but slightly more elaborate way of starting to grow these Ligtu hybrids is to sow the seeds in 3-in. pots, two or three seeds in each pot, and raise them thus in a cold frame or greenhouse, and plant them out, undisturbed, in their permanent quarters whilst the seedlings are still in young first growth. By this method one avoids the delicate operation of taking the seedlings from a pan and planting out, as I did with my two beds. Not that the delicacy of this method worried either me or the baby Ligtu hybrids. My son has evolved and adopted this small-pot technique for distributing Ligtu hybrids from his nursery, and it seems to work uncommonly well.

There is, however, one other method of starting Ligtu hybrids in the garden, and that is by sowing the seeds direct in the ground and leaving the seedlings undisturbed from the very beginning. I do not remember having ever seen this method advocated in any seed catalogue or article. But I can not claim to have invented the plan. My Ligtu hybrids themselves thought it up and put it into practice with great success. Along the front of my wider permanent bed there is a narrow, 18-in. border in which I have grown, chiefly, the Asiatic ranunculus, and here numerous self-sown seedling Ligtu hybrids have sprung up, rather to my annoyance but greatly to my educational advantage, for here, surely, is the solution of the problem of starting these lovely plants—for some folk, at any rate. If self-sown seedlings will crop up with apparent freedom, why not man-sown seedlings too? It should be a simple matter to sow the Ligtu seeds well-spaced out over the prepared ground, either a special border or good patches in the herbaceous border, and I would say that any time would be suitable for the sowing during the early and mid-summer months when the ground is warm. I sowed the seeds for my own two beds—in pans—in early summer.

On the other hand, the self-sown seedlings which have since come up as volunteers will have come from seeds shed by the plants in late summer, though probably they lay dormant in the soil to germinate the following spring.

These Ligtu hybrids originated from two Chilean species of Alstroemeria, the lovely almond blossom pink *A. ligtu* itself, of which I collected seed around Rio Blanco at about 9000 ft. elevation in the Andes in 1927, and *Alstroemeria haemantha*, which has brilliant orange-red flowers. This last I collected a few miles from Santiago. I first saw it in flower on the steep sides of a sugar-loaf hill, a truly magnificent sight. Later I returned to collect seeds. Later, mated in captivity in this country, the two produced the glorious race of hybrids, known popularly as the Ligtu hybrids. But how it was that the occasional Godiva white varieties originated from such colourful parents it is difficult to imagine. It is equally difficult to imagine anything more delicately beautiful.



"PERHAPS THE MOST SUMPTUOUS AND COLOURFUL HARDY HERBACEOUS PLANTS THAT HAVE COME TO BRITISH GARDENS DURING THE LAST TWENTY OR THIRTY YEARS": ALSTROEMERIA LIGTU HYBRIDS. THE SINGLE HEADS MAY CARRY AS MANY AS FIFTY OR SIXTY LOVELY LILY-LIKE BLOSSOMS, IN A RANGE OF COLOURS "COVERING ALL THE BEST TO BE FOUND AMONG THE MOLLIS AZALEAS."

Photograph by J. E. Downward.

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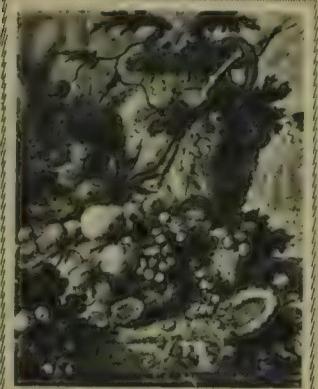
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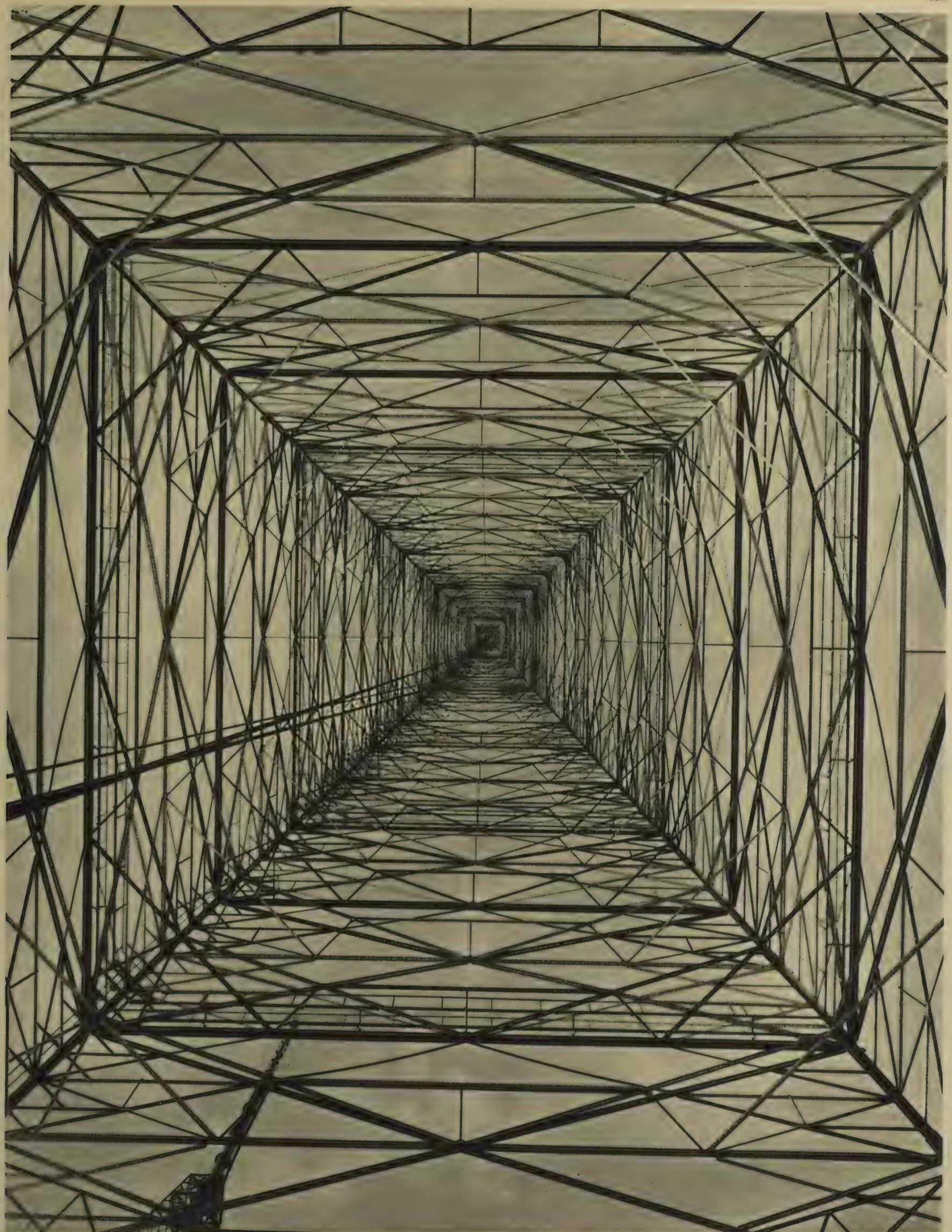
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A SURREALIST NIGHTMARE, AND A FANTASTIC STUDY IN PERSPECTIVE: LOOKING UP THE INTERIOR OF A NEW KANSAS CITY TELEVISION MAST, MORE THAN $2\frac{1}{2}$ TIMES THE HEIGHT OF ST. PAUL'S DOME.

The soul of nightmare is logic; and this oppressive nightmare of perspective is simply the logic of the steel construction of what is claimed as the world's highest self-supporting television mast. This tower, which serves a Kansas City television station, is stated to be 1042 ft. high, some 50-odd ft. higher than the Eiffel Tower. It is 430 ft. lower than the Empire State Building, 4 ft. lower than the Chrysler Building, and, as we stated above, rather more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ times the height of the dome of St. Paul's. There are, it is said, a number of radio and television masts

which are higher, but these are supported with stay wires. In this country the highest self-supporting television mast will be that at Crystal Palace, which will be 668 ft. when it is completed in 1957—it is at present 440 ft. The usual height for a high-power television mast in Great Britain is 750 ft., the medium power masts being usually 500 ft. high. By way of contrast, temporary masts, such as that in the Isle of Man, are only 85 ft. high, or 100 ft. lower than the top of Nelson's column in Trafalgar Square.



IF lovers of porcelain, whether of Chinese or of European, or of both, as decorous a section of the nation as any, can without offence be described as indulging in an orgy accompanied by no painful hangover, they will have had their fling next week in London, where at Christie's there has been a superb display of enamelled porcelain of the reigns of K'ang Hsi (1662-1722), Yung Chêng (1723-35) and Chi'en Lung (1736-95) from an anonymous American collection,



INCLUDED IN THE SALE OF AN AMERICAN COLLECTION OF FINE CHINESE ENAMELLED PORCELAIN AT CHRISTIE'S OF APRIL 30: ONE OF A PAIR OF K'ANG HSI FIGURES OF HORSEMEN. (Height, 8½ ins.)

and at Sotheby's the European porcelain, including rare examples from both major and minor factories of the eighteenth century, belonging to Mr. Simon Goldblatt. The former sale will take place on Monday next, the latter on Tuesday and Wednesday. During the past thirty or forty years so much enthusiastic research has been devoted to the problems of much earlier Chinese porcelain, until this century very little known in Europe, that the extraordinary technical accomplishment of the potters which so astonished our ancestors when K'ang Hsi wares began to be exported towards the end of the seventeenth century has tended to be overlooked—or even fobbed off as over-perfect. It was almost as if we were advised to take no interest in European painting after about the year 1500; when these later wares were praised, it seemed to be done rather grudgingly as if an apology were necessary for coming down from the clouds and enjoying the sights and sounds of the good earth.

A more balanced view now prevails and the potters' control of their materials during this period, their marvellous colour sense and the perfection of their drawing are recognised as the natural consequence of many centuries of tentative experiment. Under the Ming Emperors—that is, from 1368 to 1644—two kinds of colour decoration were developed. The first was known as five-coloured (Wu T'sai). First came a blue *under* the glaze; then, painted in enamels *over* the glaze, green, red, yellow and aubergine all fixed by a second firing. The second was three-coloured (San T'sai), the colours generally green, yellow and aubergine painted on to the enamelled surface. After the collapse of the Ming Dynasty and the usual blood bath—there was near-chaos for thirty years or so when the great porcelain manufacturing town of Ching-Tê Chén was plundered and destroyed. K'ang Hsi re-established

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. CHINESE AND EUROPEAN.

By FRANK DAVIS.

order, Ching-Tê Chén was rebuilt, and the way was clear for further developments, the first of which was an overglaze blue enamel which was sparingly used.

A fine jewel-like green, in combination with yellow, red and aubergine, came into favour, and this whole class of wares became known in Europe as "*famille verte*" and then a wonderful soft black—not dead black, but a brownish-green-black "*famille noire*," and a yellow—both these as a ground for other colours. Towards the end of the reign the Chinese adopted a Western invention, a pink enamel derived from gold, whence came that vast series of wares throughout the eighteenth century known as "*famille rose*." These are the types represented to near perfection in the Christie sale.

The Goldblatt Collection of more than 250 pieces ranges over England, Italy, France and Germany and, in addition to examples from the better-known factories, includes some interesting figures from minor establishments such as Fulda, Höchst and Fürstenberg. The beautiful, white-glazed Vincennes porcelain is present in the shape of what is thought to be the most important of the surviving pieces—a table group or centrepiece surmounted by an urn-shaped vase and with a river god and naiad at the sides—in short, a miniature fountain of extraordinary grace, 11½ ins. high. Nearly as rare is a recumbent water spaniel in white, 12 ins. long, with rather pointer-type markings, reminding one of those excellent animals in paintings by Oudry. Most people were decidedly vague about the various Italian factories until Mr. Arthur Lane published the results of his researches last year; incidentally, I wonder how many labels in the museums of the world have had to be altered since? Among twenty Italian pieces is a pair of figures of a man and a woman from the Savona factory signed jointly by Boselli and Rubatti. As Rubatti entered into partnership with Boselli in 1798 and Boselli died in 1808, the

name in French on the wares made at Savona either because he could by that means avoid the customs into France, or because in the Italian market French porcelain had so high a reputation. In these two figures the signatures not only of himself but of his partner are written in a sort of pidgin French form "*Jacques Boselli-josephe Raibaud*." It is an amusing example of a by no means scrupulous marketing trick, but before we register indignation we would do well to count up the number of times English potters faked the marks of Meissen or of Sèvres on their own productions.

Among the Meissen figures is a fine early Grenadier of about 1735—one of Augustus of Saxony's grenadiers with the monogram AR on his tall hat; yellow coat, iron-red waistcoat and breeches, white stockings and black shoes, standing, musket in his two hands, on a tall pedestal before a mortar—and a rare Kaendler figure of a court jester in a red tunic and gold sash and

yellow jackboots holding bagpipes in the form of a goat, of about the same date. This is not necessarily so fantastic a model as might appear, for there was a dwarf at the court of the Landgrave of Hesse-Darmstadt who owned goat bagpipes and a rich uniform—a Pole named Cuba Clemensky who died in 1756 and was succeeded by a Czech, Andreas Czepregy. The latter inherited both goat bagpipes and uniform.

Of the English figures two which have, no doubt, attracted as much attention as any is a pair of a young man holding a fish and a girl with a basket—Chelsea, of the type known as "Girl in a Swing" figures, from the well-known model of the early 1750's and among the rarest of that wonderful decade, when Chelsea, under



ONE OF A PAIR OF *FAMILLE NOIRE* CIRCULAR SAUCER DISHES: ANOTHER K'ANG HSI PIECE FROM THE SALE DISCUSSED BY MR. DAVIS IN HIS ARTICLE.

(Diameter, 6½ ins.)



FROM THE SIMON GOLDBLATT COLLECTION OF ENGLISH AND CONTINENTAL PORCELAIN, WHICH IS TO BE SOLD AT SOTHEBY'S ON MAY 1 AND 2: A RARE PAIR OF CHELSEA "GIRL IN A SWING" FIGURES. MR. DAVIS WRITES ABOUT THIS PAIR IN HIS COMMENTS ON THIS IMPORTANT SALE. (Height, 8 ins.)

date of these very rare and lively pieces is fixed to within ten years; there must be very few porcelain figures of so late a date from any country imbued with so cheerful a vitality.

They are of interest also from another angle—that is, from the light they help to throw upon the career of this highly competent potter Boselli, who, from the circumstance of his signature frequently appearing in a French disguise—Jacques instead of Giacomo—has figured in the reference books as working at Marseilles. It now seems reasonably certain that he wrote his



"AMONG THE MEISSEN FIGURES IS A FINE EARLY GRENADIER OF ABOUT 1735." HOLDING A MUSKET IN HIS TWO HANDS, HE IS STANDING BEFORE A MORTAR. HIS TALL HAT BEARS THE MONOGRAM "AR" AND THE ARMS OF SAXONY AND POLAND ARE ON HIS SADDLE POUCH. ALSO IN THE SIMON GOLDBLATT SALE.

(Crossed Swords mark in Blue; Height, 11 ins.)

the direction of Nicholas Sprimont, produced wares of unsurpassed delicacy. Devotees of the more naive productions of the Bow factory will find little to complain about in either the small parrot perched on a tree stump against a flower and maybush background, or in the group of the sportsman and his feminine companion with their dog between them, standing amid the familiar flowering may.

"THE VICTORIAN SCENE": A DELIGHTFUL PERIOD EXHIBITION AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES.



(LEFT.) "TRAVELLING COMPANIONS," BY AUGUSTUS LEOPOLD EGG, R.A. (1816-1863): ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL WORKS IN THE EXHIBITION AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES. (25½ by 30½ ins.)

The exhibition of paintings, drawings and lithographs entitled "The Victorian Scene" at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square, shows many charming aspects of these "Halcyon Days," which is the title of one of the works in the exhibition—a pleasant study of Victorian family life, by Arthur Boyd Houghton. Among the lithographs are several of Queen Victoria and her family, including an early study of the Queen, when she was still Princess Victoria, driving in Windsor Park with her mother.



"AU BORD DE LA MER"; BY CHARLES CHAPLIN (1825-1891), A FRENCH PAINTER WHOSE FATHER WAS ENGLISH. THIS CHARMING STUDY IS TYPICAL OF THIS ARTIST'S PAINTINGS OF ELEGANT WOMEN. (19½ by 13½ ins.)



"FIGURES IN A WOODLAND SCENE"; BY RICHARD REDGRAVE, R.A. (1804-1888), WHO WAS APPOINTED SURVEYOR OF CROWN PICTURES IN 1858. HE HELPED TO FORM THE MUSEUM OF ORNAMENTAL ART AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, THE NUCLEUS OF THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM. (28 by 43 ins.)



"RETURNING FROM HER MAJESTY'S DRAWING ROOM (1853)"; BY A. COURBOULD. THIS EXHIBITION CONTINUES UNTIL MAY 2. (20 by 30 ins.)

The exhibition at the Leicester Galleries contains few works by the better known Victorian artists, and shows that the minor artists of this prosperous age were far more successful in recording its character than were their more weighty colleagues. There are no really big paintings in the exhibition, with the happy result that there are none of the elaborate and rather pompous works which so often represent Victorian artists in our museums. A painting which combines great charm with immense skill of execution is A. L. Egg's "Travelling Companions," which is reproduced above. Egg painted mostly historical subjects, but also produced



ONE OF THREE TOUCHING STUDIES OF THE POORER CHILDREN OF VICTORIAN ENGLAND, BY A. E. MULREADY (DIED 1886). (10 by 7 ins.)

many paintings of Italian subjects, even before he first visited this country. The scene shown through the window in this picture is obviously an Italian one. A. E. Mulready, one of whose works is also shown above, has successfully recorded the Victorian street scene, with its smartly dressed young men and women contrasting with the pitiful children of the poor. He also shows the variety of playbills and posters which filled the streets of his day. Among the lithographs there is an interesting group of music covers and also a colourful series of what may perhaps be called Victorian "pin-ups."



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE last live mole we had in the garden was brought in by my daughter. While out on a morning walk, her attention had been caught by the behaviour of three sparrows, hopping across the road in single file, keeping even spacing. They were following a mole lolling along in front of them. At the edge of the road, the mole turned at right-angles into a small ditch. It was there my daughter picked it up and brought it home, and housed it in a large glass tank with 6 ins. of earth covering the bottom. Before putting it into this observation tank, she photographed it in various positions and, among other things, she placed it on the step of her gipsy wagon, merely to try for close-up portraits without having to stoop uncomfortably to do so.

The step of the wagon is the usual plank of wood fastened transversely before the door, so that in the front is the free edge. At the back, where the step joins the body of the wagon, there is a certain amount of carving, giving a series of narrow openings through the wood. A mole is not a good subject for photography because of its restless movements. In this instance, it was noticeable that its efforts to escape took it in one of two directions, either to the front edge of the step or to one of the carved openings. When on the free edge, it would pause with the head hanging over the precipice. The chinks in the carving, although too narrow to give its body passage, seemed the more attractive to it, and it made frequent attempts to escape this way.

There are two points of interest here. First, although not blind, its eyes are minute and sunk well into the fur, yet the mole seemed to be able to sense an open space. So it turned without hesitation to one of the carved openings, as if it could see it. Secondly, it seemed to be aware not only of a space but of the extent of the space. That is, on the free edge of the step it seemed to be aware of a drop through space of 3 ft., and halted on the brink.

I have opened up many hundreds of yards of mole-runs, in order to study their design, and have always been struck by the neatness with which one tunnel joins with another. This might be because tunnels are always made starting from a pre-existing run. This, however, could not always be so. We have to conclude, therefore, that the animal is able to make its way through the ground direct to another boring, using senses other than sight.

I had proof of this when I accompanied a mole-catcher on his rounds on several days in succession. At one point, there was obviously a main run going all the way along a wire fence and directly under the line of the wire. Here, we may presume the rain caught by the wires, and falling in large drops from them, gave a line of earth more moist than to either side. It is, in fact, a favourite place for mole-runs. At all events, the mole-catcher dug a hole, located the run and set his trap. The next day, we inspected the trap. A new tunnel ran in from one side, or perhaps it would be more correct to say it ran out, because the jaws of the trap were jammed with a large stone, rendering it ineffective. This may have been entirely accidental, but there was all the appearance of the mole having realised the presence of the trap of having jammed it and made off by a new

MOLES AND OPEN SPACES.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

side tunnel. The surprising thing was that we could see no sign of the earth that must have been excavated to form the new tunnel.



PAUSING WITH ITS HEAD OVER THE PRECIPICE: A MOLE, ON THE STEP OF A GIPSY WAGON EXPLORES THE DROP TO THE GROUND BUT DECLINES THE RISK. THROUGH SENSES OTHER THAN SIGHT, THE MOLE APPEARS TO BE CAPABLE OF ASSESSING THE EXTENT AND LIMITS OF SPACE AS CERTAINLY AS IF IT COULD SEE.



ATTEMPTING TO ESCAPE: THE MOLE, BY CONTRAST WITH ITS HESITANT BEHAVIOUR AT THE BRINK OF THE DROP INTO SPACE (SEE TOP PHOTOGRAPH), WAS DRAWN TO EXPLORE, APPARENTLY AS IF OBSESSED BY IT, A CHINK IN THE WOOD OF THE FLOOR OF THE GIPSY WAGON WHICH WAS TOO NARROW TO GIVE ITS BODY PASSAGE. (Photographs by Jane Burton.)

More will be said about the disposal of the excavated earth later. Meanwhile, we can continue this matter of a mole's ability to join accurately a new run to one already there. This was not the only occasion on which I saw a trap bypassed. Another method is to drive a tunnel from a point one side of the trap to a

point beyond it. In such a detour both ends of the new tunnel join the old tunnel accurately, suggesting an awareness on the part of the mole of an air-filled space in the ground.

Supporting evidence for this is found in other observations made on an earlier pet mole. This one had been housed in the same glass tank, and had lived there successfully for several weeks.

The top of the tank was covered with a sheet of plate-glass, and for good measure a large flint was put on the middle of the glass cover. Without removing the flint, it required quite an effort to lift the glass with one's fingers. This heavy cover was, however, not the only provision against the animal's attempts to escape. The level of the earth in the tank was 6 ins. below the top of the tank. In addition to putting food in for the mole, we made fairly frequent visits to the tank to watch the animal's movements. One morning, visiting the tank merely to "have a look," I could see nothing of the mole. This was not unusual. It was often out of sight under the earth. I did notice, however, that the earth had been thrown into a heap at one corner of the tank, but did not give it a second thought.

A little while later, while working at an herbaceous border, I found six freshly-turned molehills. Normally, we have no free moles in the garden. After looking at these tumps in some perplexity, the truth began slowly to dawn on me. I went round to the glass tank, removed the flint, lifted the glass and looked for the mole. It had escaped. To do so, it must have stood on its hind-feet on the heap of earth it had thrown up in one corner, and lifted the relatively heavy plate-glass and superimposed flint. It is a measure of the strength in the animal's forequarters that it could have done this. It was also an indication of the ability, noted earlier, to sense escape routes through apertures, in this instance the smallest possible gap between the glass lid and the rim of the tank.

In due course, other tumps appeared in the garden, mainly among the rows of peas and among a group of apple trees. There were a few isolated tumps, but for the most part they were grouped in these parts of the garden. In spite of the damage, it

was of interest to watch the speed with which these heaps of soil appeared. The distances between the groups was perhaps as much as 20 ft. The question naturally arose, therefore, whether the mole pushed the earth along underground for considerable distances before pushing it to the surface.

It so happened that a trench had then been dug around two sides of the garden. It was a foot and a half across and the same deep. Nowhere near this trench were there any molehills, but in many places we were able to watch the earth being pushed into the trench from the end of a mole-run about 3 ins. below the surface, opening into the side of the trench. We could see the mole's pink nose shovelling it out. Then would come an interval, and more earth would tumble

out, followed by the pink nose. Evidently, the mole was transporting earth underground for several yards, shovelling with its nose. It also looked as if the animal was aware of the presence of the trench, for all along its length there were heaps of earth thrown into it but no molehills anywhere within several yards of it.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



WIDOW OF THE CREATOR OF "THE GIBSON GIRL": MRS. I. GIBSON.
Mrs. Irene Gibson, who was married to the American artist, Charles Dana Gibson, in 1895, died at her home in Virginia on April 20. Her husband published his first book of collected drawings, "Pictures of People," soon after his marriage, and thus launched the "Gibson Girl," who became a great world favourite.



AN EXHIBITION AT THE NATIONAL BOOK LEAGUE TO MARK HIS EIGHTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY: MR. WALTER DE LA MARE, O.M.
The distinguished poet, Mr. Walter de la Mare, whose eighty-third birthday fell on April 25, is now confined to his home at Twickenham, and was unable to attend the opening, on April 19, of an exhibition of books, manuscripts and pictures arranged in his honour at the National Book League 7, Albemarle Street. (*Portrait by Allan Chappelow.*)



NEW MIDDLE-EAST COMMANDER: LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR G. BOURNE.
Lieut-General Sir Geoffrey Bourne, General Officer Commanding, Malaya, since 1954, has been appointed C-in-C., Middle East Land Forces. He will take over his new command in October. General Bourne, who is fifty-three, was Commander of the British Sector of Berlin during the Berlin airlift.



THE FORMER BULGARIAN PREMIER MR. CHERVENKOV.
On April 16, Mr. Vulko Chervenkov resigned his post as Prime Minister of Bulgaria, which he had held for six years. Mr. Chervenkov is the first of the leaders raised to power in East Europe by Stalin to resign. He has spent 19 years in Moscow.



AT THE BAGHDAD PACT COUNCIL MEETINGS IN TEHERAN: DELEGATES AT THE SECOND BAGHDAD PACT CONFERENCE POSE FOR THE CAMERA AFTER ONE OF THEIR MEETINGS.

THE NEW BULGARIAN PRIME MINISTER: MR. ANTON YUGOV.

Mr. Anton Yugov, First Deputy Prime Minister, was unanimously elected Prime Minister by Bulgarian Sobranie on April 17, in place of Mr. Chervenkov. Mr. Yugov has been a member of the Bulgarian Politburo for almost twenty years and is fifty-one years old. He has a long record of underground activity.



TWO WOMEN LEADERS OF THE L.C.C.: THE NEW CHAIRMAN, MRS. H. BENTWICH, INVESTING HER DEPUTY, LADY PEPLER.

At the statutory annual meeting of the London County Council, on April 17, Mrs. Helen C. Bentwich was elected chairman for 1956-57. Lady Pepler was elected deputy chairman. This is the second time in the history of the Council that both these offices have been held by women.



SIGNING THE MILITARY PACT BETWEEN SAUDI ARABIA, EGYPT AND YEMEN: KING IBN SAUD (CENTRE), THE IMAM AHMED (LEFT) AND COLONEL NASSER.

At Jeddah, on April 21, a military pact was signed between Saudi Arabia, Egypt and Yemen. Talks leading up to this tripartite pact had been held between Imam Ahmed, ruler of the Yemen, King Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia, and Colonel Nasser, the Egyptian Prime Minister, who were the signatories of the treaty. Under the pact the Supreme Council of Defence and Foreign Ministers will instruct the Supreme Commander of the joint armies.



DEPUTY CHAIRMAN OF B.O.A.C.: SIR G. CRIBBETT.
Sir George Cribbett, a deputy secretary in the Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation since 1946, has been appointed full-time deputy chairman of the British Overseas Airways Corporation. Sir George, who is 58, served as a pilot in the 1914-18 war.



APPOINTED CHAIRMAN OF B.O.A.C.: MR. GERALD d'ERLANGER.

Mr. Gerald d'Erlanger, a member of the banking family, has been appointed chairman of the British Overseas Airways Corporation. Mr. d'Erlanger, who is forty-nine, will be part-time chairman and, at his own request, he will not be paid a salary. He was chairman of B.E.A. from 1947-49.



AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE AT HOLKHAM: THE HON. COLIN TENNANT AND HIS BRIDE, LADY ANNE COKE.

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret were present at the marriage at Holkham, Norfolk, on April 21 of the Hon. Colin Tennant, son and heir of Lord Glenconner, and Lady Anne Coke, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Leicester, of Holkham Hall.



SOLD AT SOTHEBY'S ON APRIL 18 FOR £4800: "LE HAVRE, LE GRAND QUAI," BY MAURICE DE VLAMINCK, WHICH WAS IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. NOËL COWARD.

The sale of pictures held at Sotheby's on April 18 included fourteen works from the collection of Mr. Noël Coward. Among these were two paintings by Maurice de Vlaminck, who is now aged eighty. Of these the one reproduced above, which belongs to the important period between 1906 and 1909, was sold for the surprisingly high price of £4800, which was £3700 more than Mr. Coward paid for it some ten years ago. The other smaller and less important work fetched £1100.

SALEROOM NEWS, THE MOUNTBATTENS' DEEP-SEA FISHING, AND SPORTING TROPHIES.

(RIGHT.)
A RARE ELIZABETH I.
SILVER-GILT MAGDALEN
CUP: ONE OF TWO SUCH
CUPS KNOWN IN ENGLAND,
TO BE SOLD AT
SOTHEBY'S ON APRIL 26.

One of the most interesting pieces in the sale of English and Continental Silver to be held at Sotheby's on April 26 is the very rare "Mawdlyn Cup" reproduced above. These cups, of which only two examples are now known in this country, owe their name to the fact that in numerous paintings of the sixteenth century the Magdalene is shown carrying such a cup, filled with the ointment with which she anointed our Lord's feet. This fine example was made in 1573 and bears the maker's mark "M" on the base and cover. This cup has long been in the possession of the Lancashire family of Byrom, and is being sold in consequence of the death of the late E. C. A. Byrom.



WITH TWO MARLIN WHICH THEY CAUGHT FROM THE LAUNCH PIRATE: ADMIRAL AND LADY MOUNTBATTEN AND THEIR CATCH.

Admiral Lord Mountbatten, First Sea Lord, who has been on a Far East tour, accompanied by Lady Mountbatten, had a brief respite from travel and official duties when they spent four days at Easter at Otehei Bay, Bay of Islands, New Zealand, where they enjoyed some deep-sea fishing. One of the striped marlin caught by Lady Mountbatten weighed 268 lb., another striped marlin, caught on the same day by Lord Mountbatten, weighed 251 lb.



ON VIEW AT A SPORT TROPHY SHOW IN LONDON: THE FAMOUS FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION CUP.



PLAYED FOR ANNUALLY BY ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND: THE CALCUTTA CUP PRESENTED IN 1878.



INSTITUTED IN 1896-97: THE RUGBY LEAGUE CHALLENGE CUP ON VIEW AT A LONDON EXHIBITION.

On April 17 Colin Cowdrey, captain of E. W. Swanton's cricket team which returned from its tour of the West Indies on the previous day, opened an exhibition of sporting trophies at the Café Anglais, in Leicester Square, London. The exhibition, which includes the three trophies shown above, will remain open until

May 5, and is in aid of the National Association of Boys' Clubs. In the exhibition are some of the greatest trophies to be won in the world of sport, and notable sporting celebrities are expected to visit the show which contains many items of outstanding interest.

FINE DUTCH AND FLEMISH MASTERS: AT A BOND STREET EXHIBITION.



"WINTER IN THE VALLEY"; BY JOOS DE MOMPER, THE YOUNGER (1564-1635). IN THE 1956 EXHIBITION OF DUTCH AND FLEMISH MASTERS AT THE SLATTER GALLERY, 30, OLD BOND STREET, WHICH OPENED TO THE PUBLIC ON APRIL 26. (Canvas; 19½ by 28½ ins.)



"MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT," A VERY CHARACTERISTIC WORK BY JAN MIENZE MOLENAER (1610-1688), WHO WAS PROBABLY A PUPIL OF FRANS HALS IN HAARLEM. HE WAS MARRIED TO JUDITH LEYSTER, THE WOMAN ARTIST. HE ESTABLISHED HIMSELF IN AMSTERDAM. (Panel; 20½ by 28½ ins.)



"THE WOODCOCK," ONE OF A PAIR OF TROMPE-L'OEIL PAINTINGS BY JACOB VAN DER BILT, WHO WORKED AT THE HAGUE AND AMSTERDAM IN THE SECOND HALF OF THE 17TH CENTURY. (Canvas; 26½ by 18½ ins.)



"THE COUNTRY ROAD"; BY JAN WYNANTS (c. 1625-1684). THE FIGURES ARE BY JAN LINGELBACH, WHO CO-OPERATED WITH MANY OF THE DUTCH MASTERS. (Panel; 14 by 13½ ins.)



"THE PARTRIDGE," THE SECOND OF THE PAIR BY J. VAN DER BILT. THE WOODEN FRAMES ARE PAINTED ONTO THE PICTURE. (Canvas; 26½ by 18½ ins.)



"STILL-LIFE"; BY JAN DA VIDSZ DE HEEM (1606-1683/84). SIGNED UPPER LEFT J. DE HEEM F. A° 1641. (Panel; 18½ by 21½ ins.)

Landscape, seascape and still-life are all well represented in the 1956 Exhibition of Dutch and Flemish Masters at the Slatter Gallery, 30, Old Bond Street, which is to be seen until July 14. The informative Illustrated Catalogue (price 4s.) is being sold in aid of the Friends of the National Libraries, who are this year celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of their foundation. Their chairman, the Viscount Esher, arranged to open the



"THE BLACKBERRY PIE"; BY PIETER CLAESZ (1600-1660/61). THIS EXHIBITION AT THE SLATTER GALLERY CONTINUES UNTIL JULY 14. (Panel; 18½ by 22½ ins.)

exhibition on April 25. Among the paintings not reproduced on this page are two charming small landscapes with figures by Jan Bruegel, the Elder. There is an important seascape, with an especially powerful sky, by Jacob van Ruisdael, and Jan van Goyen is represented with a beautiful example of his drawings on paper, mounted on panel. Among three works by Jan van Kessel, the Elder, "Birds and Animals" is particularly striking.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

FULL BLOSSOM.

By J. C. TREWIN.

THEATRE managers have tried so often to encourage in the soil of the West End plants hopelessly unsuited to it, that it is a relief to recognise in "The Chalk Garden" (Haymarket) a play, in the high tradition of English comedy, that has both the right artists and the right stage. This garden should blossom through all the seasons.

Certainly it will hardly get a better performance than it does now; but, in fairness to the author (Enid Bagnold), I must withdraw a reservation I made on meeting the piece first, in a provincial theatre, when the production was still coming together. On hearing "The Chalk Garden" at the Haymarket, in perfect conditions, I realised that Miss Bagnold's dialogue was likely to withstand—as some West End triumphs fail to do—the merciless, exacting usage of the years. There is a quality of permanence here: it is a comedy of manners beside which some over-praised productions of our day (and I am thinking especially of a tedious little American import) look very small indeed.

The phrase of the moment is "writers' theatre." That is all very well if the writer is also a dramatist. It must be remembered that very few people go to the same play twice, or even read the text. If, then, the piece does not make a genuine dramatic impact on the night, they have every reason to feel cheated, and no amount of praise by people who have read the dialogue, or who have gone again, will get them to feel otherwise. One of the prime virtues of "The Chalk Garden" is that it is theatrical as well as literary. The wit strikes sharply. It may not—shall we say?—be easily portable: you do not find yourself repeating line after line, when the curtain is down, but you do know that in the theatre you have been moved constantly to the surprised laugh, to the recognition of wit that is securely in the situation and does not stray into transferable epigrams from a Wildean world.

character—strengthened by the equally fastidious care with which such actresses as Dame Edith Evans and Peggy Ashcroft interpret it.

Dame Edith has a light in the voice, light in the mind. We feel that she must glow in the dark. It is extraordinary to watch this radiant actress as she pursues and captures a phrase, holds a mood, touches us to incredulous laughter or—as in the moment when she returns from the room above—to a sudden embracing pathos. It is great acting; and this is not an epithet I would withhold from Peggy Ashcroft,



"A FRESH, DELICATE PORTIA, THOUGH SHE CANNOT HOLD THE TRIAL SCENE": MARGARET JOHNSTON IN "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE," WHICH IS PRODUCED BY MARGARET WEBSTER.



"TOO STUDIED, TOO EXPLANATORY . . . IN THE EARLY SCENES": EMLYN WILLIAMS AS SHYLOCK IN "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" AT THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE, STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

who answers the problem of Miss Madrigal with uncanny precision. The difficult, shy woman—who—in a strange sense—has been transplanted to the Sussex soil, is an enigma that none on our stage could solve with more certainty: Miss Ashcroft plays her from within instead of fidgeting about with externals as a second-rate actress would. Here again is what Max Beerbohm called once "the tart ozone of distinction."

I have not said much about the garden that these major artists cultivate. Let me suggest merely that it is a play to be experienced in the theatre, and that although Miss Bagnold has written it on two levels, its symbolism is not tediously obtrusive. And it is by no means just a play about an eccentric household: its roots go far deeper. Felix Aylmer, Rachel Gurney, Judith Stott and George

Rose have all their finely-calculated places in a night that, under Sir John Gielgud's direction, is one to recall with gratitude. "There was blossom everywhere" said one of Saki's characters in effect. "Only on the fruit-trees,

surely?" came the sternly literal reply. Let me say that at the Haymarket there is indeed blossom everywhere. This is a garden to be visited.

"The Merchant of Venice," second play in the Stratford-upon-Avon Festival, is a garden about which directors have been tiresome. So many of them have seen in it nothing but a patch of barren soil. They imply that they are bored with Venice and Belmont, that everyone else must be, and that the only way to grab people's interest is to tear up the whole place and provide some fantastic landscape-work.

That is a nonsensical approach. "The Merchant of Venice," its Gobbos aside—nothing, I fear, can reconcile me to them—is a romantic comedy that must always flower in the responsive imagination. But it must be left to flower unaided. Mess around with it, and the play will wither. Happily, Margaret Webster, at Stratford-upon-Avon, has been tactful, though I had a few grim minutes at curtain-rise when everything looked as if it might go awry. Later, on the whole, the night passed without grief. Margaret Johnston is a fresh, delicate Portia, though she cannot hold the Trial Scene—her home must ever be at Belmont—and Emlyn Williams comes up in the Trial after being too studied, too explanatory a Shylock in the early scenes. Neither artist gives the entire character, but neither of them is inadequate.

The rest of the company keeps a reasonable level, with some sensitive verse-speaking by Basil Hoskins (Bassanio), David William (Lorenzo) and Jeannette Sterke (Jessica). Something should be done with the opening scene, which is over-pitched, and in which the "Sals" give no idea of those "magnificent young men of high-flowing speech," as Granville-Barker called them. The evening's crown belongs, I think, to the designer, Alan Tagg, whose Belmont is a world of fragile grace, and whose Venetian silhouettes



"THEATRICAL AS WELL AS LITERARY": "THE CHALK GARDEN," BY ENID BAGNOLD, (HAYMARKET) SHOWING THE LUNCHEON SCENE WITH (L. TO R.) LAUREL (JUDITH STOTT); MISS MADRIGAL (PEGGY ASHCROFT); MRS. ST. MAUGHAM (EDITH EVANS); MAITLAND (GEORGE ROSE); AND THE JUDGE (FELIX AYLMER).



"AN UNCOMMON NIGHT IN THE THEATRE, AND (I HAZARD) A PIECE THAT WILL LAST BEYOND ITS LONDON RUN": "THE CHALK GARDEN," SHOWING A SCENE FROM ACT III, WITH (L. TO R.) THE JUDGE (FELIX AYLMER); MISS MADRIGAL (PEGGY ASHCROFT); MRS. ST. MAUGHAM (EDITH EVANS) AND OLIVIA (RACHEL GURNEY).

The weakness of so many plays of epigram is that, away from context, most of the lines lack special individuality, any personal mark. They can be spoken by A or B or C. The dramatist has put his lines into a hat, the names of his characters into the other, and held a small private lottery. In "The Chalk Garden" any given line belongs to its speaker, and to no one else.

The mere fable does not matter much, though it is odd how we are caught up in the life of this curious household beside its Sussex garden in the chalk; how we want to know the secret of Miss Madrigal—even if we can guess what the secret will be—and how we respond to the feelings of both grandmother and mother about the girl Laurel. Even so, what does make the play, and what will keep it with us for a long time, is its fastidious study of

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE CHALK GARDEN" (Haymarket).—A play of both wit and heart, in which the author (Enid Bagnold) has the privilege of interpretation by Dame Edith Evans and Peggy Ashcroft, each at the top of her performance. This is an uncommon night in the theatre, and (I hazard) a piece that will last beyond its London run. (April 11.)

"LE TRIOMPHE DE L'AMOUR" (Palace).—Marivaux's comedy is the first play in a short season of the Théâtre National Populaire—Jean Vilar's company—for which we are indebted to that always adventurous impresario, Peter Daubeny. (April 16.)

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" (Stratford-upon-Avon).—Again Belmont and Venice and this time in the care of a producer (Margaret Webster) who does not try to be "amusing," but who lets the play speak. The result is often impressive, in Alan Tagg's delicate settings; and Margaret Johnston (Portia) and Emlyn Williams (Shylock) have their moments, even if neither is entirely right. Miss Johnston comes off the better. (April 17.)

"JULIUS CAESAR" (Birmingham Repertory Theatre).—To name the players in this first-rate revival at Sir Barry Jackson's theatre is a little invidious. In spite of that, I have to thank Geoffrey Taylor (Mark Antony), Geoffrey Bayldon (Cassius) and Kenneth Mackintosh (Brutus). Bernard Hepton has done miracles with his Roman mob. (April 17.)

bring the place to us without fuss. In all, a much better night than "Hamlet": now we must wait for "Othello," some weeks ahead, and for yet another view of Othello and Iago. In these days they seem to rise at a word.

Birmingham Repertory Theatre, choosing "Julius Caesar" as the thirty-first Shakespeare play in its long and triumphant progress through the years, shows again how exciting it can be to see a play acted to the last comma by a cast that does not depend upon one or two planets. Those planetary nights can turn to voyages in empty space. But at the Repertory, under Bernard Hepton's direction and in Paul Shelving's set, the skies are "painted with unnumbered sparks." A most rewarding week, then—in astronomy as well as in horticulture.

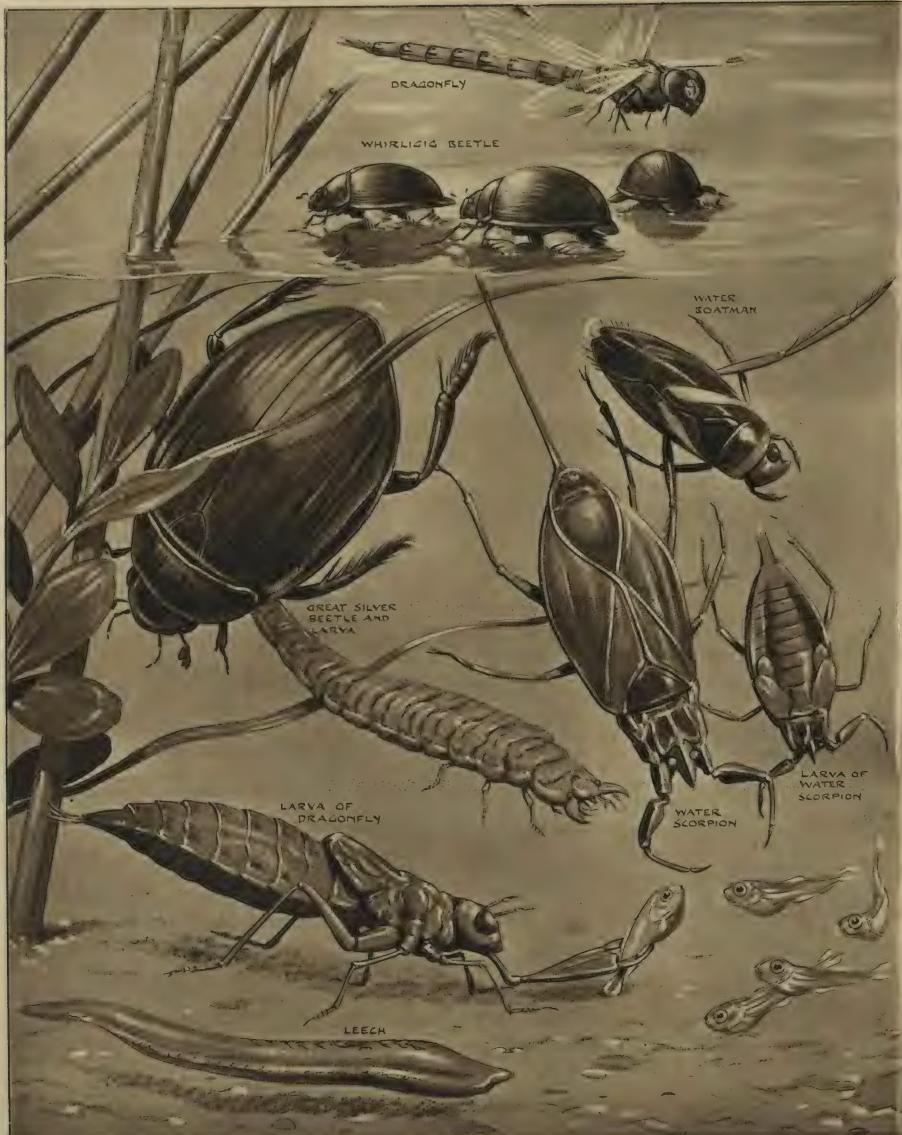
NEAVE
PARKER

WHERE PEACE AND BEAUTY MASK A NIGHTMARE WORLD : THE TRANQUIL SURFACE OF A GARDEN POND.

It is a truism that things are not always what they appear and perhaps one of the best illustrations of this is seen in the placid surface of a pond. Externally it is calm and peaceful, its surface, broken on rare occasions only, gives no hint of the conflict which it hides. The casual observer sees little of this struggle which is no tumult but a steady and continuous give-and-take to maintain a natural balance. That is the position, at least in natural waters, but when man intervenes and stocks the waters with fish for his own pleasure or profit, the natural forces

quickly come into play, to the detriment of the stocks artificially introduced. All the owner sees is that his goldfish are dwindling in numbers, but he does not always connect his loss with the scene which is shown by our artist on this page. The caddis fly (lower left), silver water beetle (centre), the beautiful dragonfly and other insects seem to be as much part of the tranquil scene as the lovely waterlily itself. What is, in fact, going on beneath the surface of the water is shown by our artist in a drawing which appears overleaf.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, NEAVE PARKER, WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF DR. MAURICE BURTON.



THE "HORRIFIC" WORLD OF A LITTLE FISH: SOME OF THE UNDESIRABLE POND INHABITANTS WHICH PREY ON YOUNG GOLDFISH.

Most fish lay numerous eggs, a necessary provision against a heavy mortality, since the eggs are eaten by a variety of predators, and after hatching the ranks of the fry are decimated. The end result is to keep the population static and maintain the natural balance, with no excessive increases in numbers from year to year. But in a goldfish pond an unnatural balance is sought; namely, an unduly large proportion of the fish tend to grow at the expense of the health and well-being of the fry, something of a natural control must be aimed at in the pond and this is apt to attract the predators which, under natural conditions, maintain the balance between species. This is the last thing the owner of the pond desires, and, as in animal husbandry generally, the problem is to

recognise the real predators and to keep them at bay. On these pages the enemies of the young goldfish are shown. Two of the most conspicuous of these are the great silver beetle and the great diving beetle, distinguishable among other things by the longer antennae and the more markedly oval-like hind-legs of the latter. Both are found in the ponds although normally found in streams and canals, and involving a pond formerly free of them. The great silver beetle (*Hydrobus piceus*) feeds on vegetable matter, but its larva is strongly carnivorous. The great diving beetle or great water beetle (*Dytiscus marginalis*) is carnivorous throughout its life, the more car-like hind-legs meaning greater speed, the chief mark of a predator. Whirligig beetles are the shiny beetles seen skimming over

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, NEAVE PARKER.



UNDESIRABLE POND INHABITANTS WHICH PREY ON YOUNG GOLDFISH.

the surface of calm water in a kind of sociable dance, gliding rapidly past each other on the more broadened second and third pairs of legs. The first pair of legs are used by them apparently half-clad to grip the thin prey. Their larvae are equally voracious. The usual prey of these beetles is not necessarily fish but no flesh comes amiss to them, the damage they can do is no less than that of the more unpleasant-looking water bugs, including the water scorpion, water stick-insect and water boatman; the last two are unable to fly, but like the whirligig beetles they have the power of flight. The leeches, however, are not all carnivorous. Most species of caddis worm, as the larvae are called, are vegetarian, but there are some of carnivorous habits.

of course, need little introduction and seem to appear unexpectedly in the most unlikely places in water. The dragonfly, for its beauty, is a notorious carnivore in the adult stage, and, anything even meaty in the larva, which seizes its prey with the set of specialised jaws known as a "mask". This, folded under the head when at rest, can be shot out to seize a victim, as with long-handled pincers. The moth-like caddis fly have, at this winged stage, either no jaws at all or very small jaws and can only drink nectar. The caterpillars, however, that have built a house of fragments of sticks, minute pebbles or shells, are not all carnivorous. Most species of caddis worm, as the larvae are

NEAVE
PARKER

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

THIS week one of our authors has the advantage of being presented by Mr. Angus Wilson: from whom we learn that the "central urgency" in English fiction to-day is "the need to reinvigorate our writing with the themes and shapes of our literary past." There must be "a fusion, a reinterpretation of the traditional in modern terms"—and this with special reference to "the Scandinavian-Germanic world, that third great European culture which we have evaded to our loss." The curious thing is that he is *not* introducing "*The Twelve Pictures*," by Edith Simon (Cassell; 15s.). Quite possibly, he would not even endorse it. But to the common reader it will appear to meet his views with the alacrity of coincidence.

For in this novel we have a recreation of the Nibelung saga. Almost from point to point, so there is no need to summarise; and yet with none of the supernatural features—no gods, no helm of invisibility, no witch-draught. . . . Nothing that happens—not even young Siegfried's all-but-magical exploits in Nebelnd, the mountain of mists and dwarfs—can be described as legend. Nothing that *happens*—and yet the fabulous has not lost much ground. It has receded from the events, but either not quite, or only just: and only to loom over, distort and magnify them, like an effect of atmosphere. Hagen the One-Eyed is "mortal man," not the deposed god Odin; but he is wrapped in "ambiguity," even to himself. Siegfried, the beloved warrior, is cast as Balder by his own people. Brünnhilde is neither a valkyrie nor a virgin; till her defeat, she was a belated representative of the Mother-Goddess, ruling the last stronghold of her cult, and sacrificing a bridegroom every year at the Spring Festival. For if there are no gods on the scene, there are religious backgrounds, deeply stratified. Germany is all-Christian on top—though the Burgundians are Arian, the Volsungs orthodox; underneath lies the forbidden but more genuine Asa-cult, and under that the primeval fertility-religion. And all these trends are woven into a vast, heroic tapestry of the Dark Ages, much of it at Attila's court.

This is a feat of learning; but it is indescribably more astonishing as a work of art. For it has the sagas-grandeur—as though the Dark Ages became articulate. The demigods and avenging furies have not shrunk: they are still outsize, epic, but they are real characters. Their minds are primitive but not simple, and they have pathos even when the events chill one's blood. For the theme is so far from stale that there are moments when it literally has that effect. Take the last stand at the feast in Hunland; this might have been ultra-stale, and is in fact horribly superb. The whole narrative has rightly been called "majestic," and it is also in the best sense ingenious. But it has one flaw, which seems to be the author's especial pride. Her idea was to reconcile the legend with the facts of history. But it is the legend she has retold; and the "veracious" Twelfth Picture—whatever one might think of it in another context—only belittles the action, and affronts the willing suspension of disbelief.

OTHER FICTION.

And now we come to what Mr. Angus Wilson was really talking of. "*Strange Stories*," by Villy Sørensen (Secker and Warburg; 12s. 6d.), is the work of a very young and unquestionably brilliant Dane. "There is a Kafka idyll," says the blurb, "which is particularly interesting for the light it sheds on the Danish attitude to Kafka"—perhaps the most *recherché* recommendation I have ever come across. And Mr. Wilson buttresses it with the names of Hans Andersen, Kierkegaard and Thomas Mann. Hans Andersen I failed to detect; Kafka, at the other extreme, one couldn't miss. The writer is prone to symbolism, and those who are not good at it may tend to lose him half-way: for instance, in the story about a plague of tigers, or the long satirical fantasy called "*The Concert*." One way of putting it is that they begin splendidly, but don't come off. But he can also be neat and frightful, as in "*Child's Play*": or neat and charming, as in the second of the two "Christian legends." Then there is the other long story, "*The Murder Case*." This is pure Kafka; it might be an exercise in pastiche, and it might almost be Kafka. It has the precise blend of frustration, ordeal, and comic freedom; and it winds up, which is more than its prototypes were able to do. Then why is it not equally good? Well, Kafka wrote like that because he *was* Kafka; so there was unmistakably a great deal under the surface. This writer has wit, irony, resource, amusement, an exceptional bag of tricks; but he seems to have no marked liaison with his subconscious. Not yet, anyhow.

"*The Flying Fox*," by Mary McMinnies (Collins; 12s. 6d.), brings us back to modern realism, of the documentary kind. But it is first-class documentary and quite outstanding in a first novel. For opportunity is not all it takes—though as the biographical notice will suggest, it is a fine thing.

Out of her many possible worlds, the author has chosen Telebu, in the Malayan "badlands." The emergency has passed its peak, but it goes on. And the respected citizens—especially the Chinese—alternately supply the bandits with rice, and confer with the District Officer on how to stamp them out. It is at this point that Milton Hall descends on Telebu. He has an egregious kind of appeal, drinks like a sponge, and can't even remember which secret he has blabbed. Here he is not merely the cause of things—he stands alone. And yet the motley background picture would be good value, even if he were left out.

"*Maigret's Revolver*," by Georges Simenon (Hamish Hamilton; 10s. 6d.), is presented to us with a naive joy—"Maigret in London!" However, it is a charm; and, indeed, the whole story has a rather endearing flavour. It starts with Mme. Maigret's concern over a distraught youth, goes on to a family dinner with the Pardons, and the non-appearance of the ex-"fat boy" who was so keen on coming—and then proceeds to the fat boy in collapse, the missing younger son and the "trunk murder." And so to London—where all the English are going around with a flower in the buttonhole, dreamily smiling at their fine day. Maigret's rôle on this occasion is fatherly; and there is an extra charm in the contrast between his *naïveté* and awkwardness "abroad" and his creator's perfect ease everywhere.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THE game I give this week is well calculated to make any chess player ask himself: "Why didn't I enter for the World Championship?" It is from the 1956 World Championship Candidates' tournament just finished in Amsterdam, in which ten of the world's leading players are contending for the honour of playing a match with the World Champion (Michael Botvinnik) for his title next year. The time allowance per move is the most generous in any competition anywhere, averaging nearly four minutes per move. (Correspondence chess is given longer? Oh, very well!) White slowly wraps Black in a strait jacket, misses one devastating winning move and then—incredible to relate—leaves his queen *en prise*!

Let us call it RETI'S OPENING.

PETROSIAN	BRONSTEIN	PETROSIAN	BRONSTEIN
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-QB4	Kt-KB3	4. B-Kt2	Castles
2. Kt-QB3	P-KKt3	5. Kt-B3	P-B4
3. P-KKt3	B-Kt2	6. Castles	Kt-B3

A typically modern opening. Neither player is in any hurry to occupy the centre with pawns. White is satisfied with a perfectly symmetrical position. After all, he still has the move.

7. P-Q4	P-Q3	10. Q-B1	Kt-Q5
8. P×P	P×P	11. R-Q1	P-K4
9. B-K3	Kt-Q2		

When Black does occupy the centre, it is to his detriment, as the further course of the game reveals!

12. B-R6	Q-R4	14. K-R1	R-QKtr
13. B×B	K×B	15. Kt-Q2	P-QR3

Black plans . . . P-QKt4 but White decides to prevent it:

16. P-K3	Kt-K3	18. P-R4	P-B4
17. P-QR4	P-R4	19. Kt-Q5	

White threatens to mass for an assault on Black's KP by P-Kt3, Q-Kt2 and Kt-B3. How can Black meet this without eventually making the concession . . . P-K5, when White can continue his attack by P-KB3 . . . ? If he plays . . . R-K1, he has to move his Kt on K3, his best-placed piece, and White can play P-K4, assaulting now the KBP. All an illustration of the way in which centrally placed pawns can become targets! Black tries a most curious plan, to transfer his queen to KR1.

19. . . .	K-R2	23. P-K4!	P×P
20. P-Kt3	R-B2!	24. Kt-Q2	Q-Kt2
21. Kt-KB3	Q-Q1	25. Kt×P	K-R1
22. Q-B3	Q-R1	26. R-Q2	R-B1

White is systematically reducing the mobility of Black's pieces to zero: even the knight on K3 is virtually confined to that square and Q5.

27. P-R5	Kt-Q5	32. Q-R3	Kt-Q5
28. P-QKt4	P×P	33. R-Kt2	Kt-QB3
29. Q×KtP	Kt-KB4	34. R(Q1)-QKt1	Kt-Q5
30. QR-Q1	Kt-Q5	35. Q-Q6	
31. R-K1	Kt-QB3		

After some probing, White has found the right target to aim at: Black's queen's wing. But here he misses a lovely chance: 35. Kt-Kt5, Kt-B3 (to prevent 36. Kt-K6); 36. Kt-K7 attacking everything.

35. . . .	Kt-KB4
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Bronstein had been appallingly short of time for several moves, having left himself with only about two minutes for his 30th to 40th moves. All these knight oscillations had been done at lightning speed. Here he made to play 35. . . . Kt-QB3, but settled almost instantaneously on . . . Kt-KB4, presumably because it attacks the queen. But now Petrosian, who had still about five minutes left, played 36. Kt-Kt5? and after 36. . . . Kt×Q, resigned.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

ASIAN PRIME MINISTER.

SIR JOHN KOTELAWALA, until the recent elections Prime Minister of Ceylon, must be re-reading a trifle ruefully one passage in his book "*An Asian Prime Minister's Story*" (Harrap; 15s.). He describes how, when he first became a Minister in the middle 'thirties, he addressed a meeting of planters and European businessmen on the then political situation. He writes that: "I admitted that adult suffrage was bound to result in the return to the State Council in the first ten years of a queer collection of people with no settled ideas on constitutional reforms or on social and economic developments; but I claimed that, on the whole, the members had not failed to reflect public opinion." Alas! the "queer collection of people" have displaced the moderate and statesmanlike Sir John, and it looks as though yet another breach has been made in the defences erected, in so ramshackle a manner, against Communism by the forces of freedom. It is possible that Sir John's downfall has been partly due to that same love of freedom. For it will be recalled that at the Bandoeng Conference he came out with a forthright attack on Communistic Imperialism and what he calls the "new colonialism" which is, to his mind, so much worse than the "old colonialism" which it threatens to replace. "The old colonialism," he writes, "had at least the redeeming virtue of a democratic basis. The new colonialism is nakedly totalitarian in intention and effect. It extinguishes every spark of democratic freedom, and restricts many of the fundamental rights of man. I see no reason why this new colonialism should not be uncompromisingly and fearlessly condemned." Unfortunately for Sir John, the forces at work in Asia consist of a deadly combination of well-meaning, if chuckle-headed, nationalists and idealists whose every move, though they do not know it, is controlled by a cool and utterly calculated intelligence. Since the Bandoeng Conference, the Communists and their allies have obviously been determined to get rid of Sir John. It has not merely been his anti-Communism that has been offensive to them, but also, reading between the lines of this excellent book, that Sir John, for all his nationalism, quite clearly has a sneaking regard for the "old colonialism" which he formally condemns. Clearly this Cambridge graduate, whose greatest pride seems to have been that he was Colonel of the Ceylon Light Infantry (under the British) is very far from hostile to the British way of life. Of the slights which were put upon him as a young man or in middle age by foolish young planters or brash club secretaries, he writes: "I have forgotten nothing, but I can forgive everything. And I hope I have learned a lot." It is a sad reflection that our Empire in the East has been lost, not by the paternalistic authoritarianism of district officers who lived with and loved those they ruled, but by the ill-manners of the "box-wallah" (and particularly his wife) grafting the airs of Mayfair onto the upbringing of Suburbia. Still, it is no use crying over spilt milk. One can only regret that such a potential good friend of this country as Sir John should have been brought up in an atmosphere of dislike and distrust. Sir John's book is amiable, interesting, well-written—and saddening.

Those who have visited the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem may well be forgiven if they exclaim: "Abandon Faith all ye who enter here." Everything comes too pat. There is the pillar where Our Lord was scourged: there is the socket where the true Cross (which, a few yards away, St. Helena saw in a vision) stood: there is, in fact, everything except, as I wrote to my wife in the war when I first toured its tiny compass, the stuffed cock that crowded thrice for St. Peter. The fact that Christian (in the true sense of the word) Jerusalem is at least 20 ft. below the modern or the mediaeval Jerusalem and the fact that the place of the Crucifixion was obviously well outside the walls of the Old City and therefore several hundred yards from where the "socket of the true Cross" is to be seen to-day, is of small commercial interest to the Greek Orthodox, Nestorian, Coptic, and other sects of Christianity who now control the "Holy Places." Where so much is interested legend a scholarly examination of one of the greatest shrines in the Christian world, such as is contained in "*The Shrine of St. Peter*," by Jocelyn Toynbee and John Ward Perkins (Longmans; 42s.), is of fascinating interest. There is a tradition that the remains of St. Peter are buried beneath the High Altar of the great, indeed the greatest, church that bears his name. By an incredible piece of engineering the whole of the great Cathedral has been shored up to enable the archaeologists to examine the amazing wealth of pagan and Christian tombs to be found under the great Basilica. Frankly, I find it hard to discover whether the authors are either for or against the 2000-year-old tradition of the tomb of the Apostle, but for anybody who is interested in the period spanning the last days of paganism and the early days of Christianity, this scholarly and beautifully illustrated book will be of the most intense interest.

For any good-hearted person, the gentle ex-roué saint must surely remain one of the most attractive in all hagiology. The distinguished Swiss photographer, Herr Leonard von Matt, has produced a brilliant photographic reconstruction of St. Francis's life in "*St. Francis of Assisi*" (Longmans; 30s.). These beautiful photographs, with the interposed text, tell together in a unique form the story of the kindest and most compassionate saint that surely ever lived and worked among men.

It is unusual to find Mr. L. A. G. Strong writing other than a best-selling novel. But he has produced in "*Flying Angel*" (Methuen; 15s.) a book which must have satisfied him personally as much as his novels have done artistically—and commercially. This is the story of the Missions to Seamen Society, which was founded exactly 100 years ago. The very nature of the mariner's calling, the notorious character of the dockland quarters of the world at which he touches and where he goes ashore, has enhanced the value of this great, and now world-wide, charity. Mr. Strong tells the story of the Mission and of its allied charities in a way which will commend itself, not merely to those who have subscribed to these worthy bodies, but to those who, even under the credit squeeze, may still feel that they have a little over to spare for a good cause.

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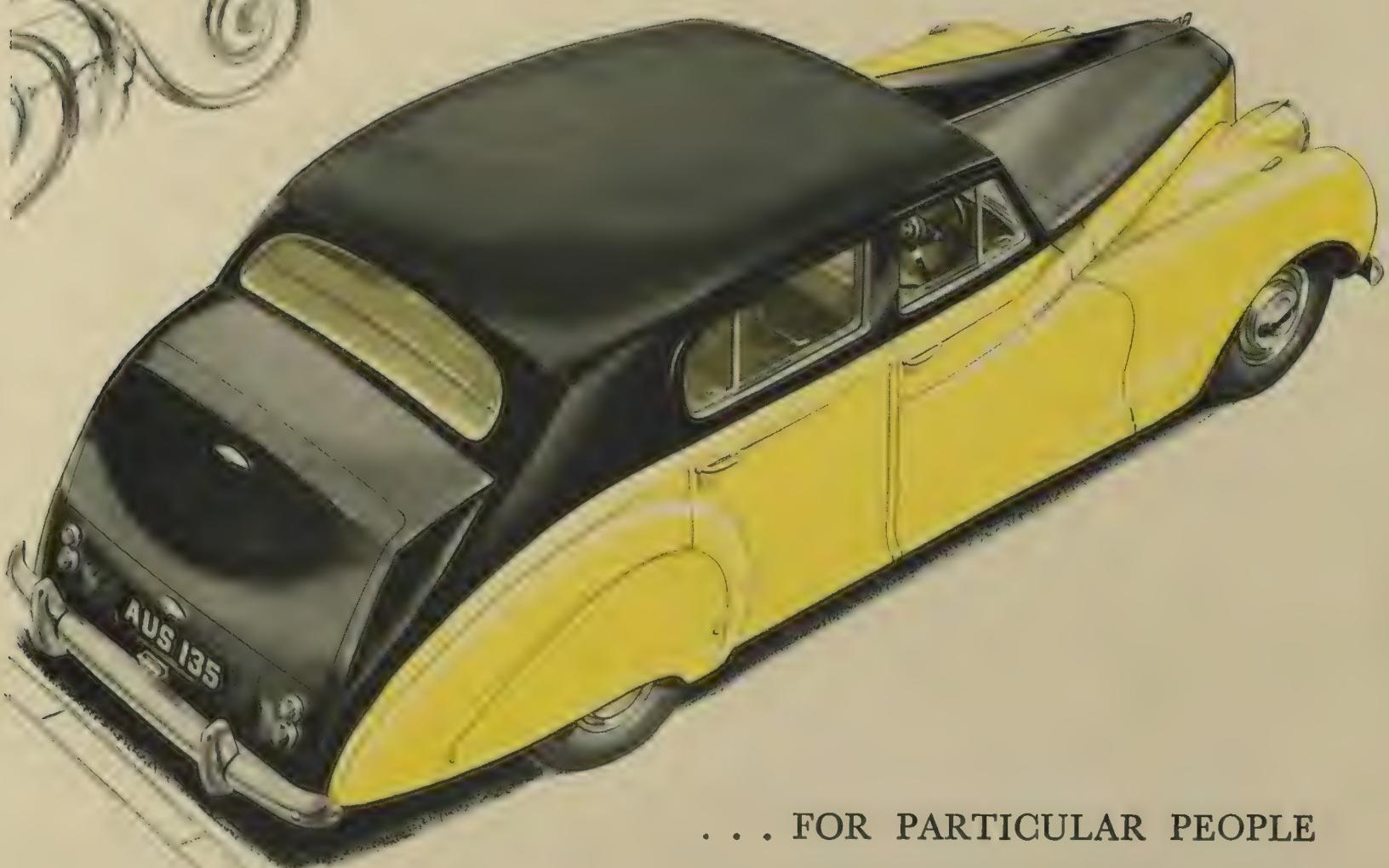
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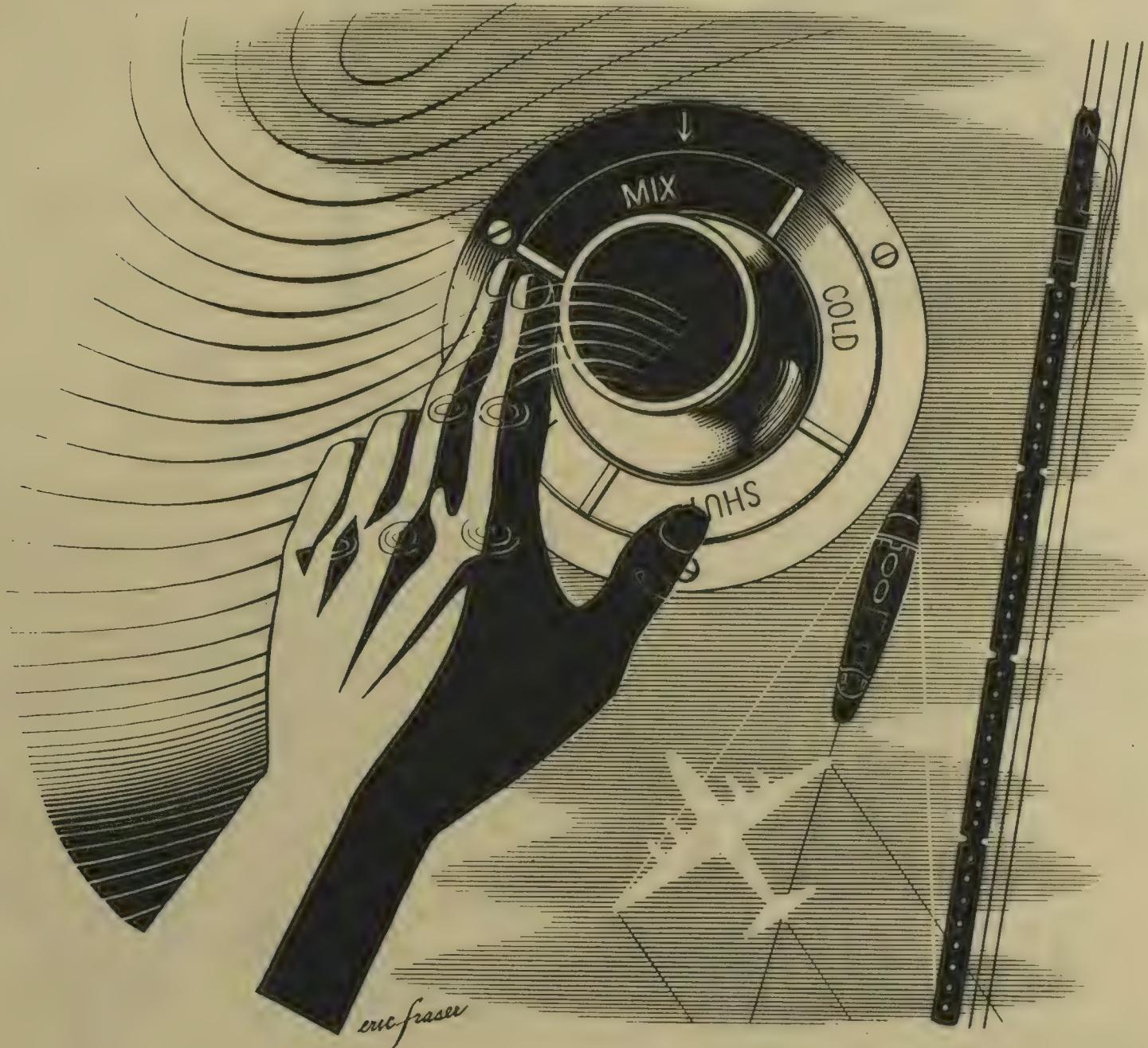
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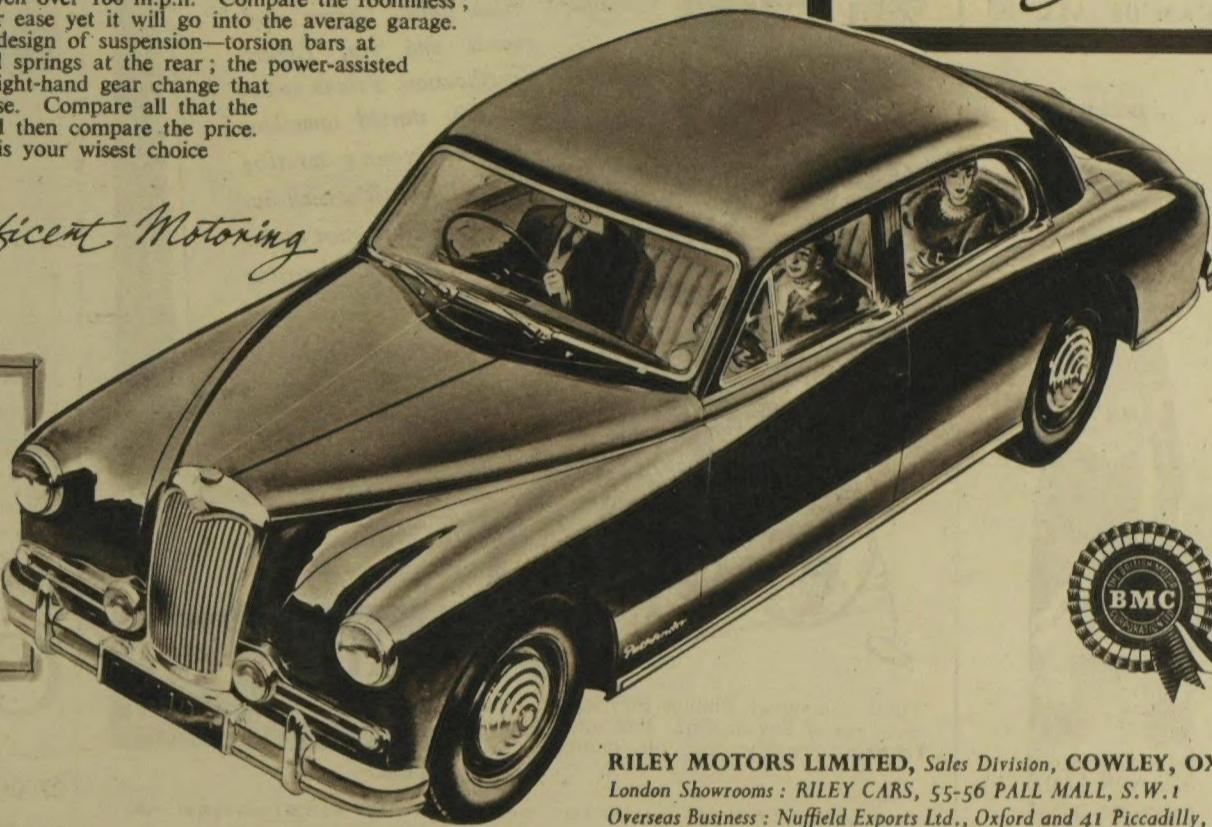
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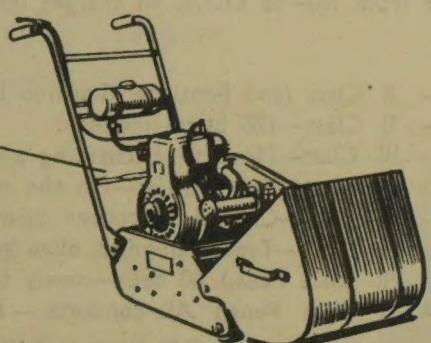
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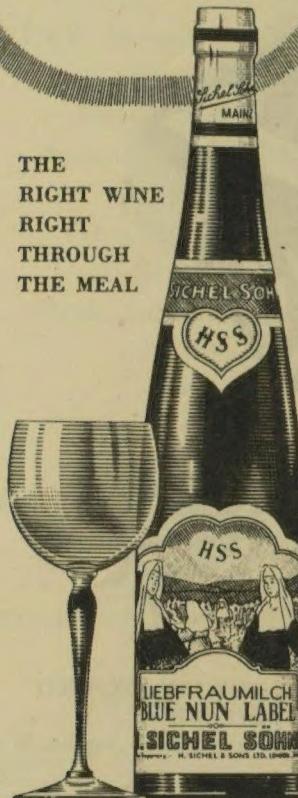
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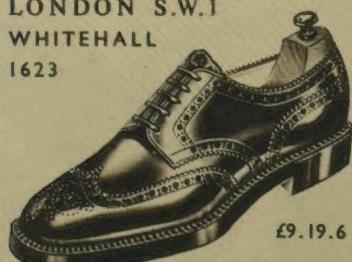
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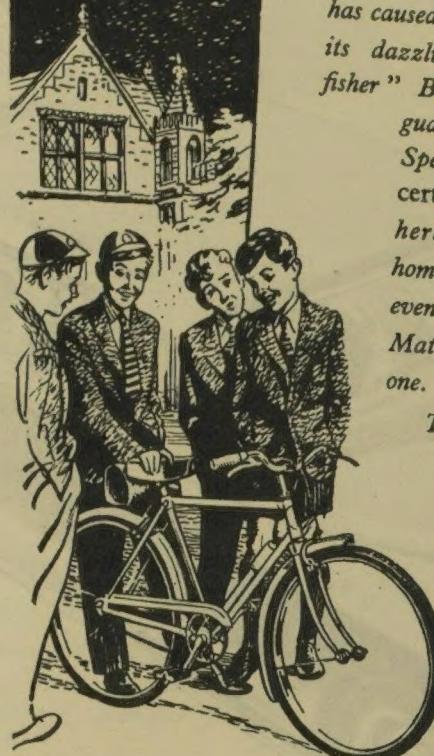
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